POEMS.

By * * * * * *

Soame Jenyns Esqr

Nunc itaque, & verſus, & cætera ludicra pono.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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Advertiſement.

MOST of the following PIECES having been publiſhed at different times ſeparately, haſtily, and ſome of them incorrectly ; it is now thought proper to collect them together, reviſed and amended, with the addition of ſeveral others by the ſame hand.

THE
ART of DANCING.
A
POEM.

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POEM.

THE ART of DANCING: A POEM.

Inſcrib'd to the Rt. Hon. the Lady FANNY FIELDING.

Written in the Year 1730.

Inceſſu patuit Dea. VIRG.

CANTO I.

IN the ſmooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Eaſy with care, and ſprightly tho' ſerene,
To mark th' inſtructions echoing ſtrains convey,
And with juſt ſteps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be preſent, all ye ſacred Choir,
Blow the ſoft flute, and ſtrike the ſounding lyre;
When FIELDING bids, your kind aſſiſtance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;
Oh may her eyes (to her this verſe is due)
What firſt themſelves inſpir'd, vouchſafe to view!

Hail lovelieſt art! that can'ſt all hearts inſnare,
And make the faireſt ſtill appear more fair.
Beauty can little execution do,
Unleſs ſhe borrows half her arms from you;
Few, like PYGMALION, doat on lifeleſs charms,
Or care to claſp a ſtatue in their arms;
But breaſts of flint muſt melt with fierce deſire,
When art and motion wake the ſleeping fire:
A VENUS, drawn by great Apelles' hand,
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,
But ſtill, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,
The lifeleſs piece can never warm the heart;
So a fair nymph, perhaps, may pleaſe the eye,
Whilſt all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,
But when her charms are in the dance diſplay'd,
Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid:
This ſets her beauty in the faireſt light,
And ſhews each grace in full perfection bright;
Then, as ſhe turns around, from ev'ry part,
Like porcupines ſhe ſends a piercing dart;
In vain, alas! the fond ſpectator tries
To ſhun the pleaſing dangers of her eyes,

For, PARTHIAN like, ſhe wounds as ſure behind,
With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd:
Whether her ſteps the Minuet's mazes trace,
Or the ſlow Louvre's more majeſtic pace,
Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
Or ſprightly Jigg diſplays the nimble fair,
At every ſtep new beauties we explore,
And worſhip now, what we admir'd before:
So when ÆNEAS in the TYRIAN grove,
Fair VENUS met, the charming queen of Love,
The beauteous Goddeſs, whilſt unmov'd ſhe ſtood,
Seem'd ſome fair nymph, the guardian of the wood,
But when ſhe mov'd, at once her heav'nly mien,
And graceful ſtep confeſs bright Beauty's queen,
New glories o'er her form each moment riſe,
And all the Goddeſs opens to his eyes.

Now haſte, my Muſe, purſue thy deſtin'd way,
What dreſſes beſt become the dancer, ſay,
The rules of dreſs forget not to impart,
A leſſon previous to the dancing art.

The ſoldier's ſcarlet glowing from afar,
Shews that his bloody occupation's war;

Whilſt the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
As plainly ſpeaks divinity within;
The milkmaid ſafe thro' driving rains and ſnows,
Wrap'd in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes;
While the ſolt Belle immur'd in velvet chair,
Needs but the ſilken ſhoe, and truſts her boſom bare:
The woolly drab, and Engliſh broad-cloth warm,
Guard well the horſeman from the beating ſtorm,
But load the dancer with too great a weight,
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy ſweat;
Rather let him his active limbs diſplay
In camblet thin, or gloſſy paduaſoy,
Let no unwieldy pride his ſhoulders preſs,
But airy, light, and eaſy be his dreſs;
Thin be his yielding ſoal, and low his heel,
So ſhall he nimbly bound, and ſafely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verſe prolong,
Precepts which uſe will better teach, than ſong;
For why ſhould I the gallant ſpark command,
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
Or in his fobb enlivening ſpirits wear,
And pungent ſalts to raiſe the the fainting fair?

Or

Or hint, the ſword that dangles at his ſide,
Should from its ſilken bondage be unty'd ?
Why ſhould my lays the youthful tribe adviſe,
Leſt ſnowy clouds from out their wigs ariſe :
So ſhall their partners mourn their laces ſpoil'd,
And ſhining ſilks with greaſy powder ſoil'd ?
Nor need I, ſure, bid prudent youths beware,
Leſt with erected tongues their buckles ſtare,
The pointed ſteel ſhall oft their ſtockings rend,
And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair, I ſing to you,
With pleaſing ſmiles my uſeful labours view;
For you the ſilkworms fine-wrought webs diſplay,
And lab'ring ſpin their little lives away,
For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
Fair as the dies that paint the heav'nly bow,
For you the ſea reſigns it's pearly ſtore,
And earth unlocks her mines of treaſur'd ore ;
In vain yet Nature thus her gifts beſtows,
Unleſs yourſelves with art thoſe gifts diſpoſe,

Yet think not, Nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
One form of dreſs preſcrib'd can ſuit with all ;

One brighteſt ſhines when wealth and art combine;
To make the finiſh'd piece compleatly fine;
When leaſt adorn'd, another ſteals our hearts,
And rich in native beauties, wants not arts;
In ſome are ſuch reſiſtleſs graces found,
That in all dreſſes they are ſure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids deſpiſe,
And gems but borrow luſtre from their eyes.

Let the fair nymph in whoſe plump cheeks is ſeen
A conſtant bluſh, be clad in chearful green;
In ſuch a dreſs the ſportive ſea-nymphs go;
So in their graſſy bed freſh roſes blow:
The laſs whoſe ſkin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow ſhould o'ercome her own;
While maids grown pale with ſickneſs or deſpair,
The ſable's mournful dye ſhould chuſe to wear;
So the pale moon ſtill ſhines with pureſt light,
Cloath'd in the duſky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all thoſe treach'rous arts,
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts;
Dancing's a touchſtone that true beauty tries,
Nor ſuffers charms that nature's hand denies:

Tho'

Tho' for a while we may with wonder view
The roſy bluſh, and ſkin of lovely hue,
Yet ſoon the dance will cauſe the cheeks to glow,
And melt the waxen lips, and neck of ſnow,
So ſhine the fields in icy fetters bound,
Whilſt frozen gems beſpangle all the ground,
Thro' the clear cryſtal of the glitt'ring ſnow:
With ſcarlet dye the bluſhing hawthorns glow;
O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories riſe,
And a new bright creation charms our eyes;
Till ZEPHYR breathes, then all at once decay
The ſplendid ſcenes, their glories fade away,
The fields reſign the beauties not their own,
And all their ſnowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in ſuch momentous points adviſe,
I ſhould condemn the hoop's enormous ſize,
Of ills I ſpeak by long experience found,
Oft' have I trod th' immeaſurable round,
And mourn'd my ſhins bruis'd black with many a wound.
Nor ſhou'd the tighten'd ſtays, too ſtraitly lac'd,
In whale-bone bondage gall the ſlender waiſt;

Nor

Nor waving lappets ſhou'd the dancing fair,
Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;
Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
On the approaching button rough with gold,
Nor force, nor art can then the bonds divide,
When once th' intangled Gordian knot is ty'd.
So the unhappy pair, by HYMEN's pow'r
Together join'd in ſome ill-fated hour,
The more they ſtrive their freedom to regain,
The faſter binds th' indiſſoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be diſgrac'd,
Ever be ſure to tye her garters faſt,
Leſt the loos'd ſtring, amidſt the public ball,
A wiſh'd-for prize to ſome proud fop ſhould fall,
Who the rich treaſure ſhall triumphant ſhew,
And with warm bluſhes cauſe her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as fortune by the ſelf-ſame ways
She humbles many, ſome delights to raiſe)
It happen'd once, a fair illuſtrious dame
By ſuch neglect acquir'd immortal fame.
And hence the radiant Star and Garter blue
BRITANNIA's nobles grace, if Fame ſays true:

Hence

Hence ſtill, PLANTAGENET, thy beauties bloom,
Tho' long ſince moulder'd in the duſky tomb,
Still thy loſt Garter is thy ſovereign's care,
And what each royal breaſt is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,
Leſt they forgetful leave their fans behind;
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aſide,
A toy at once diſplay'd, for uſe and pride,
A wond'rous engine, that by magic charms,
Cools your own breaſts, and ev'ry other's warms.
What daring bard ſhall e'er attempt to tell
The pow'rs, that in this little weapon dwell?
What verſe can e'er explain it's various parts,
Its num'rous uſes, motions, charms and arts?
Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,
Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
When ſecret ſorrows her ſad boſom fill,
If STREPHON is unkind, or SHOCK is ill:
Its ſticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
When the kind virgin burns with ſecret ſhame,
Dies to conſent, yet fears to own her flame;

Its ſhake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?
Forbear, my muſe, th' extenſive theme to ſing,
Nor truſt in ſuch a flight thy tender wing;
Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
From whence this engine took its form and name,
Say from what cauſe it firſt deriv'd its birth,
How form'd in heav'n, how thence deduc'd to earth.
Once in ARCADIA, that fam'd ſeat of love,
There liv'd a nymph, the pride of all the grove,
A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
An eaſy ſhape, and ſweetly-blooming face;
FANNY the damſel's name, as chaſte as fair,
Each virgin's envy, and each ſwain's deſpair;
To charm her ear the rival ſhepherds ſing,
Blow the ſoft flute, and wake the trembling ſtring,
For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
Whilſt FANNY's name reſounds thro' ev'ry grove,
And ſpreads on ev'ry tree, inclos'd in knots of love,
As FIELDING's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
Like her in beauty, as alike in name.
'Twas when the ſummer ſun, now mounted high,
With fiercer beams had ſcorch'd the glowing ſky,

Beneath the covert of a cooling ſhade,
To ſhun the heat, this lovely nymph was lay'd;
The ſultry weather o'er her cheeks had ſpread
A bluſh, that added to their native red,
And her fair breaſt, as poliſh'd marble white,
Was half-conceal'd, and half expos'd to ſight:
Æolus the mighty God, whom winds obey,
Obſerv'd the beauteous maid, as thus ſhe lay,
O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
And ſuck'd in poiſon at the dang'rous ſight,
He ſighs, he burns; at laſt declares his pain,
But ſtill he ſighs, and ſtill he wooes in vain;
The cruel nymph, regardleſs of his moan,
Minds not his flame, uneaſy with her own;
But ſtill complains, that he who rul'd the air
Wou'd not command one Zephyr to repair
Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
Thro' the dark glade, to cool the ſultry day;
By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
Th' ingenious God contriv'd this pretty toy,
With gales inceſſant to relieve her flame;
And call'd it Fan, from lovely Fanny's name.

CANTO II.

NOW ſee prepar'd to lead the ſprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs, and well-dreſs'd youths advance;
The ſpacious room receives its jovial gueſt,
And the floor ſhakes with pleaſing weight oppreſt:
Thick rang'd on ev'ry ſide, with various dyes
The fair in gloſſy ſilks our ſight ſurprize;
So, in a garden bath'd with genial ſhow'rs,
A thouſand ſorts of variegated flow'rs,
Jonquills, carnations, pinks, and tulips riſe,
And in a gay confuſion charm our eyes.
High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,
Large ſconces ſhed their ſparkling beams of light,
Their ſparkling beams, that ſtill more brightly glow,
Reflected back from gems, and eyes below:
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair
With breathing ZEPHYRS move the circling air,
The ſprightly fiddle, and the ſounding lyre,
Each youthful breaſt with gen'rous warmth inſpire;
Fraught with all joys the bliſsful moments fly,
Whilſt muſic melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.

Now

Now let the youth, to whoſe ſuperior place
It firſt belongs the ſplendid ball to grace,
With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,
Forth from the crowd to lead his choſen fair;
The fair ſhall not his kind requeſt deny,
But to the pleaſing toil with equal ardour fly.

But ſtay, raſh pair, nor yet untaught advance,
Firſt hear the muſe, ere you attempt to dance:
* By art directed o'er the foaming tide
Secure from rocks the painted veſſels glide,
By art the chariot ſcours the duſty plain,
Springs at the whip, and † hears the ſtrait'ning rein;
To art our bodies muſt obedient prove,
If e'er we hope with graceful eaſe to move.

Long was the dancing art unfixt, and free,
Hence loſt in error, and uncertainty,
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
But ev'ry maſter taught a diff'rent way;
Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,
The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd,

Thro'

* Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur,
Artes leves currus. OVID.
† —— Nec audit currus habenas. VIRG.

Thro' various hands in wild confuſion toſt,
Its ſteps were alter'd, and its beauties loſt;
Till † Fuillet, the pride of Gallia, roſe,
And did the dance in characters compoſe,
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
And ev'ry ſtep in laſting volumes wrote:
Hence o'er the world this pleaſing art ſhall ſpread,
And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,
By diſtant maſters ſhall each ſtep be ſeen,
Tho' mountains riſe, and oceans roar between;
Hence with her ſiſter arts, ſhall Dancing claim
An equal right to univerſal fame,
And Isaac's rigadoon ſhall live as long,
As Raphael's painting, or as Virgil's ſong.

Wiſe Nature ever, with a prudent hand,
Diſpenſes various gifts to ev'ry land,
To ev'ry nation frugally imparts,
A genius fit for ſome peculiar arts;
To trade the Dutch incline, the Swiss to arms,
Muſic and verſe are ſoft Italia's charms;

Bri-

†Fuillet wrote the Art of Dancing by characters, in French, ſince tranſlated by Weaver.

BRITANNIA juſtly glories to have found
Lands unexplor'd, and ſail'd the globe around:
But none will ſure preſume to rival FRANCE,
Whether ſhe forms, or executes the dance;
To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
The ſprightly Rigadoon and Louvre ſlow,
The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,
Th' immortal Minuet, and the ſmooth Bretagne,
With all thoſe dances of illuſtrious fame,
* Which from their native country take their name,
With theſe let ev'ry ball be firſt begun,
Nor country-dance intrude 'till theſe are done.

Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to ſing,
Firſt gently flutt'ring trys his tender wing,
And if he finds that with uncommon fire
The Muſes all his raptur'd ſoul inſpire,
At once to heav'n he ſoars in lofty odes,
And ſings alone of heroes and of gods;
But if he trembling fears a flight ſo high,
He then deſcends to ſofter elegy,

* French Dances.

And if in elegy he can't ſucceed,
In paſtoral he ſtill may tune the oaten reed:
So ſhou'd the dancer, ere he tries to move,
With care his ſtrength, his weight, and genius prove;
Then, if he finds kind nature's gifts impart
Endowments proper for the dancing art,
If in himſelf he feels together join'd,
An active body and ambitious mind,
In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
Or in the Louvre's ſlow majeſtic dance;
If theſe he fears to reach, with eaſy pace
Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace:
Is this too hard? this too let him forbear,
And to the Country-dance confine his care.

Wou'd you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
To keep true time be your firſt thoughts employ'd;
All other errors they in vain ſhall mend,
Who in this one important point offend;
For this, when now united hand in hand
Eager to ſtart the youthful couple ſtand,
Let them a while their nimble feet reſtrain,
And with ſoft taps beat time to ev'ry ſtrain:

So

So for the race prepar'd two courſers ſtand,
And with impatient pawings ſpurn the ſand.
In vain a maſter ſhall employ his care,
Where nature once has fix'd a clumſy air;
Rather let ſuch, to country ſports confin'd,
Purſue the flying hare, or tim'rous hind:
Nor yet, while I the rural 'ſquire deſpiſe,
A mien effeminate wou'd I adviſe;
With equal ſcorn I wou'd the fop deride,
Nor let him dance, —— but on the woman's ſide.
And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care,
A ſtupid dullneſs, and a coquet air,
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
Aſleep, like ſpinning tops, run round and round,
Nor yet with giddy looks, and wanton pride,
Stare all around, and ſkip from ſide to ſide.
True dancing, like true wit, is beſt expreſt
By nature only to advantage dreſt;
'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
That can pretend to pleaſe a curious eye,
Good judges no ſuch tumblers tricks regard,
Or think them beautiful, becauſe they're hard.

'Tis not enough, that ev'ry ſtander-by
No glaring errors in your ſteps can ſpy,
The dance and muſic muſt ſo nicely meet,
Each note ſhou'd ſeem an echo to your feet;
A nameleſs grace muſt in each movement dwell,
Which words can ne'er expreſs, or precepts tell,
Not to be taught, but ever to be ſeen
In FLAVIA's air, and CHLOE's eaſy mien:
'Tis ſuch an air that makes her thouſands fall,
When FIELDING dances at a birth-night ball;
Smooth as CAMILLA ſhe ſkims o'er the plain,
And flys like her thro' crowds of heroes ſlain.
Now when the Minuet oft repeated o'er,
(Like all terreſtrial joys) can pleaſe no more,
And ev'ry nymph, refuſing to expand
Her charms, declines the circulating hand;
Then let the jovial Country-dance begin,
And the loud fiddles call each ſtraggler in:
But ere they come, permit me to diſcloſe,
How firſt, as legends tell, this paſtime roſe.
In ancient times (ſuch times are now no more)
When ALBION's crown illuſtrious ARTHUR wore,

In

In ſome fair-op'ning glade, each ſummer's night,
Where the pale moon diffus'd her ſilver light,
On the ſoft carpet of a graſſy field,
The ſporting Fairies their aſſemblies held;
Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,
Some with ſoft notes bade mellow pipes reſound,
And muſic warble thro' the groves around,
Oft lonely ſhepherds by the foreſt ſide,
Belated peaſants oft their revels ſpy'd,
And home returning, o'er their nut-brown ale,
Their gueſts diverted with the wond'rous tale.
Inſtructed hence, throughout the Britiſh iſle,
And fond to imitate the pleaſing toil,
Round where the trembling may-pole's fix'd on high,
And bears its flow'ry honours to the ſky,
The ruddy maids, and ſun-burnt ſwains reſort,
And practiſe ev'ry night the lovely ſport;
On ev'ry ſide Æolian artiſts ſtand,
Whoſe active elbows ſwelling winds command,
The ſwelling winds harmonious pipes inſpire,
And blow in ev'ry breaſt a gen'rous fire,

Thus taught, at firſt the Country-dance began,
And hence to cities and to courts it ran,
Succeeding ages did in time impart
Various improvements to the lovely art;
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
Great ones the pleaſing exerciſe approv'd;
Hence the loud fiddle, and ſhrill trumpet's ſounds,
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds,
Hence gems, and ſilks, brocades, and ribbons join,
To make the ball with perfect luſtre ſhine.

So rude at firſt the Tragic muſe appear'd,
Her voice alone by ruſtic rabble heard,
Where twiſting trees a cooling arbour made,
The pleas'd ſpectators ſate beneath the ſhade;
The homely ſtage with ruſhes green was ſtrew'd,
And in a cart the ſtrolling actors rode:
Till time at length improv'd the great deſign,
And bade the ſcenes with painted landſkips ſhine;
Then art did all the bright machines diſpoſe,
And theatres of Parian marble roſe,
Then mimic thunder ſhook the canvas ſky,
And Gods deſcended from their tow'rs on high.

With

With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
To chuſe a partner from the mingled fair;
Vain wou'd be here th' inſtructing Muſe's voice,
If ſhe pretended to direct his choice:
Beauty alone by fancy is expreſt,
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breaſt;
A ſnowy ſkin this am'rous youth admires,
Whilſt nut-brown cheeks another's boſom fires,
Small waiſts, and ſlender limbs ſome hearts inſnare,
Whilſt others love the more ſubſtantial fair.
But let not outward charms your judgments ſway,
Your reaſon rather than your eyes obey,
And in the dance, as in the marriage nooſe,
Rather for merit, than for beauty, chooſe:
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect ſkill
When ſhe ſhou'd move, and when ſhe ſhou'd be ſtill,
Who uninſtructed can perform her ſhare,
And kindly half the pleaſing burthen bear.
Unhappy is that hopeleſs wretch's fate,
Who fetter'd in the matrimonial ſtate
With a poor, ſimple, unexperienc'd wife,
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life;

And ſuch is his, with ſuch a partner join'd,
A moving puppet, but without a mind:
Still muſt his hand be pointing out the way,
Yet ne'er can teach ſo faſt, as ſhe can ſtray,
Beneath her follies he muſt ever groan,
And ever bluſh for errors not his own.
But now behold united hand in hand,
Rang'd on each ſide, the well-pair'd couples ſtand!
Each youthful boſom beating with delight,
Waits the briſk ſignal for the pleaſing fight;
While lovely eyes, that flaſh unuſual rays,
And ſnowy bubbies pull'd above the ſtays,
Quick buſy hands, and bridling heads declare
The fond impatience of the ſtarting fair.
And ſee, the ſprightly dance is now begun!
Now here, now there the giddy maze they run,
Now with ſlow ſteps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confus'd, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring:
So, in a wheel with rapid fury toſt,
The undiſtinguiſh'd ſpokes are in the motion loſt.
The dancer here no more requires a guide,
To no ſtrict ſteps his nimble feet are ty'd,

The Muſe's precepts here wou'd uſeleſs be,
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free;
Let him but to the muſic's voice attend,
By this inſtructed, he can ne'er offend;
If to his ſhare it falls the dance to lead,
In well-known paths he may be ſure to tread;
If others lead, let him their motions view,
And in their ſteps the winding maze purſue.
In ev'ry Country-dance a ſerious mind,
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find,
In Hunt-the-Squirrel thus the nymph we view,
Seek when we fly, but flies when we purſue:
Thus in Round-dances, where our partners change,
And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
As ſoon as one from his own conſort flies,
Another ſeizes on the lovely prize;
A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
Till the next comer ſteals her from his arms,
New ones ſucceed, the laſt is ſtill her care;
How true an emblem of th' inconſtant fair!
Where can philoſophers, and ſages wiſe,
Who read the curious volumes of the ſkies,

A model more exact than dancing name
Of the creation's univerſal frame?
Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ætherial way,
In a bright regular confuſion ſtray;
Now here, now there they whirl along the ſky,
Now near approach, and now far diſtant fly,
Now meet in the ſame order they begun,
And then the great celeſtial dance is done.

Where can the Mor'liſt find a juſter plan
Of the vain labours, and the life of man?
A while thro' juſtling crowds we toil, and ſweat,
And eagerly purſue we know not what,
Then when our trifling ſhort-liv'd race is run,
Quite tir'd ſit down, juſt where we firſt begun.

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
Has giv'n a partner exquiſitely fair,
Let not her charms ſo much engage your heart,
That you neglect the ſkilful dancer's part;
Be not, when you the tuneful notes ſhould hear,
Still whiſp'ring idle prattle in her ear;
When you ſhou'd be employ'd, be not at play,
Nor for your joys all others ſteps delay:

But when the finiſh'd dance you once have done;
And with applauſe thro' ev'ry couple run,
There reſt awhile: there ſnatch the fleeting bliſs,
The tender whiſper, and the balmy kiſs;
Each ſecret wiſh, each ſofter hope confeſs,
And her moiſt palm with eager fingers preſs;
With ſmiles the fair ſhall hear your warm deſires,
When muſic melts her ſoul, and dancing fires.
Thus mix'd with love, the pleaſing toil purſue,
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view;
Then, when approaching day its beams diſplays,
And the dull candles ſhine with fainter rays,
Then, when the ſun juſt riſes o'er the deep;
And each bright eye is almoſt ſet in ſleep,
With ready hands, obſequious youths, prepare
Safe to her coach to lead each choſen fair,
And guard her from the morn's inclement air:
Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be ſpread,
Around her ſhoulders let this arm be caſt,
Whilſt that from cold defends her ſlender waiſt;

With

With kiſſes warm her balmy lips ſhall glow,
Unchill'd by nightly damps, or wintry ſnow,
While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger warm,
Safely protects her inward frame from harm.
But ever let my lovely pupils fear
To chill their mantling blood with cold ſmall-beer,
Ah, thoughtleſs fair! the tempting draught refuſe,
When thus fore-warn'd by my experienc'd Muſe;
Let the ſad conſequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains, for preſent joy,
Deſtruction lurks within the pois'nous doſe,
A fatal fever, or a pimpled noſe.
Thus thro' each precept of the dancing art
The Muſe has play'd the kind inſtructor's part,
Thro' ev'ry maze her pupils ſhe has led,
And pointed out the ſureſt paths to tread;
No more remains; no more the goddeſs ſings,
But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings;
On downy beds the weary'd dancers lie,
And ſleep's ſilk cords tie down each drowſy eye,
Delightful dreams their pleaſing ſports reſtore,
And ev'n in ſleep they ſeem to dance once more.

And now the work compleatly finiſh'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of time defies ;
Whilſt birds in air, or fiſh in ſtreams we find,
Or damſels fret with aged partners join'd ;
As long as nymphs ſhall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a ſermon hear :
So long the brighteſt eyes ſhall oft peruſe
Theſe uſeful lines of my inſtructive muſe ;
Each belle ſhall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau ſhall read them—if he can.

AN
EPISTLE
TO
Lord *LOVELACE.*

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Lord LOVELACE.

An EPISTLE, *Written in the* COUNTRY, *to the Rt. Hon. the Lord* LOVELACE *then in* TOWN.

Sept. 1735.

IN days, my Lord, when mother Time,
Tho' now grown old, was in her prime,
When SATURN firſt began to rule,
And JOVE was hardly come from ſchool,
How happy was a country life!
How free from wickedneſs and ſtrife!
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm;
On moſſy banks fair virgins ſlept,
As harmleſs as the flocks they kept;

Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaſte, and ſwains were true.
But now, whatever poets write,
'Tis ſure the caſe is alter'd quite,
Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence, or peace remains;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unſound;
Fierce party rage each village fires,
With wars of juſtices and 'ſquires;
Attorneys, for a barley ſtraw,
Whole ages hamper folks in law,
And ev'ry neighbour's in a flame
About their rates, or tythes, or game:
Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
And ſome for diff'rence in religions;
Some hold their parſon the beſt preacher,
The tinker ſome a better teacher;
Theſe to the church they fight for ſtrangers,
Have faith in nothing but her dangers;
While thoſe, a more believing people,
Can ſwallow all things——but a ſteeple.

But I, my Lord, who, as you know,
Care little how theſe matters go,
And equally deteſt the ſtrife
And uſual joys of country life,
Have by good fortune little ſhare
Of its diverſions, or its care;
For ſeldom I with 'ſquires unite,
Who hunt all day, and drink all night;
Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
A quarter-ſeſſions, or cock-fighting;
But then no farm I occupy,
With ſheep to rot and cows to die:
Nor rage I much, or much deſpair,
Tho' in my hedge I find a ſnare;
Nor view I, with due admiration,
All the high honours here in faſhion;
The great commiſſions of the quorum,
Terrors to all who come before 'em;
Militia ſcarlet edg'd with gold,
Or the white ſtaff high ſheriffs hold;
The repreſentative's careſſing,
The judge's bow, the biſhop's bleſſing;

Nor can I for my ſoul delight
In the dull feaſt of neighb'ring knight,
Who, if you ſend three days before,
In white gloves meets you at the door,
With ſuperfluity of breeding
Firſt makes you ſick, and then with feeding:
Or if with ceremony cloy'd,
You wou'd next time ſuch plagues avoid,
And viſit without previous notice,
JOHN, JOHN, a coach!—I can't think who 'tis,
My lady cries, who ſpies your coach,
Ere you the avenue approach;
Lord, how unlucky!—waſhing day!
And all the men are in the hay!
Entrance to gain is ſomething hard,
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;
The yard's with lines of linnen croſt,
The hall-door's lock'd, the key is loſt;
Theſe difficulties all o'ercome,
We reach at length the drawing-room,
Then there's ſuch trampling over-head,
Madam you'd ſwear was brought to bed;

Miſs in a hurry burſt's her lock,
To get clean ſleeves to hide her ſmock ;
The ſervants run, the pewter clatters,
My lady dreſſes, calls, and chatters,
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
Pigs ſqueak, fowls ſcream, and green geeſe flutter.
Now after three hours tedious waiting,
On all our neighbours faults debating,
And having nine times view'd the garden,
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady, and the pudden :
You will excuſe ſir,—on a ſudden—
Then, that we may have four and four,
The bacon, fowls, and colly-flow'r
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each ſide ;
And by and by the ſecond courſe
Comes lagging like a diſtanc'd horſe ;
A ſalver then to church and king,
The butler ſweats, the glaſſes ring ;
The cloth remov'd, the toaſts go round,
Bawdy and politics abound ;

And as the knight more tipſy waxes,
We damn all miniſters and taxes.
At laſt the ruddy ſun quite ſunk,
The coachman tolerably drunk,
Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and ſtones,
Enough to diſlocate one's bones,
We home return, a wond'rous token
Of heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye Gods, tho' ſinners,
With many days like this, or dinners!
But if civilities thus teaze me,
Nor buſineſs, nor diverſions pleaſe me,
You'll aſk, my Lord, how time I ſpend?
I anſwer, with a book or friend:
The circulating hours dividing,
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding;
But books are ſtill my higheſt joy,
Theſe earlieſt pleaſe, and lateſt cloy.
Sometimes o'er diſtant climes I ſtray,
By guides experienc'd taught the way;
The wonders of each region view,
From frozen LAPLAND to PERU;

Bound

Bound o'er rough ſeas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forſake my elbow-chair.
Sometimes ſome fam'd hiſtorian's pen
Recalls paſt ages back agen,
Where all I ſee, through every page,
Is but how men with ſenſeleſs rage,
Each other rob, deſtroy, and burn,
To ſerve a prieſt's, or ſtateſman's turn;
Tho' loaded with a diff'rent aim,
Yet always aſſes much the ſame.
Sometimes I view with much delight,
Divines their holy game-cocks fight;
Here faith and works at variance ſet,
Strive hard who ſhall the vict'ry get;
Preſbytery and epiſcopacy
There fight ſo long, it would amaze ye:
Here free-will holds a fierce diſpute,
With reprobation abſolute;
There ſenſe kicks tranſubſtantiation,
And reaſon pecks at revelation.
With learned NEWTON now I fly
O'er all the rolling orbs on high,

Viſit new worlds, and for a minute
This old one ſcorn, and all that's in it:
And now with lab'ring Boyle I trace
Nature through ev'ry winding maze,
The latent qualities admire
Of vapours, water, air, and fire:
With pleaſing admiration ſee
Matter's ſurpriſing ſubtilty;
As how the ſmalleſt lamp diſplays,
For miles around, it's ſcatter'd rays;
Or how (the caſe ſtill more t' explain)
*A fart, that weighs not half a grain,
The atmoſphere will oft perfume
Of a whole ſpacious drawing-room.
Sometimes I paſs a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Paſt pleaſures, and in hoping more:
Or wander through the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods,

* See Boyle's experiments.

There

There blooming flow'rs with raptures view,
And ſparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas riſe
Of CÆLIA's cheeks, and CHLOE's eyes.
'Tis thus, my Lord, I free from ſtrife,
Spend an inglorious country life;
Theſe are the joys I ſtill purſue,
When abſent from the town and you;
Thus paſs long ſummer ſuns away,
Buſily idle, calmly gay;
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Not having much, or wiſhing more;
Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And ſeeing, in all public places,
The ſame vain fops and painted faces,
Wou'd ſometimes kindly condeſcend
To viſit a dull country friend:
Here you'll be ever ſure to meet
A hearty welcome, tho' no treat,
One who has nothing elſe to do,
But to divert himſelf and you:

A houſe, where quiet guards the door,
No rural wits ſmoak, drink, and roar,
Choice books, ſafe horſes, wholeſome liquor,
Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.

AN

AN

ESSAY

ON

VIRTUE.

AN
ESSAY
ON
VIRTUE.

AN

ESSAY on VIRTUE.

To the Honourable PHILIP YORKE, Eſq;

Atque ipſa utilitas juſti prope mater et æqui. HOR.

THOU, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth can ſpoil
With the leaſt vice of each luxuriant ſoil,
Say, YORKE, (for ſure, if any, thou canſt tell)
What Virtue is, who practiſe it ſo well;
Say, where inhabits this Sultana queen;
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely ſeen:
By what ſure marks her eſſence can we trace,
When each religion, faction, age, and place
Sets up ſome fancy'd idol of its own,
A vain pretender to her ſacred throne?
In man too oft a well-diſſembled part,
A ſelf-denying pride in woman's heart,

In

In ſynods faith, and in the fields of fame
Valour uſurps her honours, and her name.
Whoe'er their ſenſe of virtue wou'd expreſs,
'Tis ſtill by ſomething they themſelves poſſeſs.
Hence youth good-humour, frugal craft old-age,
Warm politicians term it party-rage,
True churchmen zeal right orthodox; and hence
Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence;
To conſtancy alone fond lovers join it,
And maids unaſk'd to chaſtity confine it.

But have we then no law beſides our will?
No juſt criterion fix'd to good and ill?
As well at noon we may obſtruct our ſight,
Then doubt if ſuch a thing exiſts as light;
For no leſs plain wou'd nature's law appear
As the meridian ſun unchang'd, and clear,
Wou'd we but ſearch for what we were deſign'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind;
A rule of life we then ſhou'd plainly ſee,
For to purſue that end muſt Virtue be.

Then what is that? not want of pow'r, or fame,
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,

But

But a deſire his bleſſings to diffuſe,
And fear leſt millions ſhou'd exiſtence loſe;
His goodneſs only cou'd his pow'r employ,
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.
Hence ſoul, and ſenſe diffus'd thro' ev'ry place,
Make happineſs as infinite as ſpace;
Thouſands of ſuns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays;
Each is a world, where form'd with wond'rous art
Unnumber'd ſpecies live thro' every part:
In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and ſkies,
Myriads of creatures ſtill ſucceſſive riſe;
Scarce buds a leaf, or ſprings the vileſt weed,
But little flocks upon its verdure feed;
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our ſmell,
But on its fragrant boſom nations dwell,
All form'd with proper faculties to ſhare
The daily bounties of their Maker's care:
The great Creator from his heav'nly throne,
Pleas'd, on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
And his eternal law is only this,
That all contribute to the general bliſs.

Nature

Nature ſo plain this primal law diſplays,
Each living creature ſees it, and obeys;
Each, form'd for all, promotes thro' private care
The public good, and juſtly taſtes its ſhare.
All underſtand their great Creator's will,
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfill;
Mankind excepted; lord of all beſide,
But only ſlave to folly, vice, and pride;
'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,
Delights in others woe, and courts his own;
Racks and deſtroys with tort'ring ſteel and flame,
For lux'ry brutes, and man himſelf for fame;
Sets ſuperſtition high on virtue's throne,
Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own;
Hence are his altars ſtain'd with reeking gore,
As if he cou'd atone for crimes by more:
Hence whilſt offended heav'n he ſtrives in vain
T'appeaſe by faſts, and voluntary pain,
Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.

How eaſy is our yoke! how light our load!
Did we not ſtrive to mend the laws of God:

For his own ſake no duty he can aſk,
The common welfare is our only taſk;
For this ſole end his precepts, kind as juſt,
Forbid intemperance, murder, theft, and luſt,
With ev'ry act injurious to our own
Or others good, for ſuch are crimes alone:
For this are peace, love, charity enjoin'd,
With all that can ſecure and bleſs mankind.
Thus is the public ſafety Virtue's cauſe,
And happineſs the end of all her laws;
For ſuch by nature is the human frame,
Our duty and our int'reſt are the ſame.

But hold, crys out ſome Puritan divine,
Whoſe well-ſtuff'd cheeks with eaſe and plenty ſhine,
Is this to faſt, to mortify, refrain?
And work ſalvation out with fear and pain?
We own, the rigid leſſons of their ſchools
Are widely diff'rent from theſe eaſy rules;
Virtue, with them, is only to abſtain
From all that nature aſks, and covet pain;
Pleaſure and vice are ever near a-kin,
And, if we thirſt, cold water is a ſin:

Heav'n's path is rough and intricate, they ſay,
Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miſs their way;
God is a being cruel and ſevere,
And man a wretch, by his command plac'd here,
In ſun-ſhine for a while to take a turn,
Only to dry and make him fit to burn.
Miſtaken men, too piouſly ſevere!
Thro' craft miſleading, or miſled by fear;
How little they God's counſels comprehend,
Our univerſal parent, guardian, friend!
Who, forming by degrees to bliſs mankind,
This globe our ſportive nurſery aſſign'd,
Where for a while his fond paternal care
Feaſts us with ev'ry joy our ſtate can bear:
Each ſenſe, touch, taſte, and ſmell diſpenſe delight,
Muſic our hearing, beauty charms our ſight;
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their ſpoils reſign,
Its pearl the rock preſents, its gold the mine;
Beaſts, fowl, and fiſh their daily tribute give
Of food and cloaths, and die that we may live:
Seaſons but change, new pleaſures to produce,
And elements contend to ſerve our uſe:

Love's gentle ſhafts, ambition's towring wings,
The pomps of ſenates, churches, courts, and kings,
All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,
Are the gay play-things of this infant ſtate.
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cauſe, or mutual wrongs;
Or if ſome ſtripes from providence we feel,
He ſtrikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;
Kindly perhaps ſometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a ſublimer ſphere,
In more exalted joys to fix our taſte,
And wean us from delights that cannot laſt.
Our preſent good the eaſy taſk is made,
To earn ſuperior bliſs, when this ſhall fade;
For, ſoon as e'er theſe mortal pleaſures cloy,
His hand ſhall lead us to ſublimer joy:
Snatch us from all our little ſorrows here,
Calm every grief, and dry each childiſh tear;
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bliſs and virtue grow with like encreaſe;
From ſtrength to ſtrength our ſouls for ever guide,
Thro' wond'rous ſcenes of being yet untry'd,

Where in each ſtage we ſhall more perfect grow,
And new perfections, new delights beſtow.
Oh! would mankind but make theſe truths their guide,
And force the helm from prejudice and pride,
Were once theſe maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
Virtue our good, and happineſs our end,
How ſoon muſt reaſon o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and ſuperſtition fail!
None wou'd hereafter then with groundleſs fear,
Deſcribe th' Almighty cruel and ſevere,
Predeſtinating ſome without pretence
To Heav'n, and ſome to Hell for no offence;
Inflicting endleſs pains for tranſient crimes,
And fav'ring ſects or nations, men or times.
To pleaſe him, none wou'd fooliſhly forbear
Or food, or reſt, or itch in ſhirts of hair,
Or deem it merit to believe, or teach
What reaſon contradicts, or cannot reach;
None wou'd fierce zeal for piety miſtake,
Or malice for whatever tenet's ſake,
Or think ſalvation to one ſect confin'd,
And Heav'n too narrow to contain mankind.

No more then nymphs, by long neglect grown nice,
Wou'd in one female frailty ſum up vice,
And cenſure thoſe, who nearer to the right,
Think virtue is but to diſpenſe delight.

No ſervile tenets wou'd admittance find,
Deſtructive of the rights of human kind;
Of power divine, hereditary right,
And non-reſiſtance to a tyrant's might:
For ſure that all ſhou'd thus for one be curs'd,
Is but great nature's edict juſt revers'd.

No moraliſts then righteous to exceſs,
Wou'd ſhew fair Virtue in ſo black a dreſs,
That they, like boys, who ſome feign'd ſpright array,
Firſt from the ſpectre fly themſelves away:
No preachers in the terrible delight,
But chuſe to win by reaſon, not affright;
Not, conjurers like, in fire and brimſtone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from hell.

No more our ſage interpreters of laws,
Wou'd fatten on obſcurities, and flaws,
But rather nobly careful of their truſt,
Strive to wipe off the long-contracted duſt,
And be, like HARDWICK, guardians of the juſt.

No more applauſe wou'd on ambition wait,
And laying waſte the world be counted great,
But one good-natur'd act more praiſes gain,
Than armies overthrown, and thouſands ſlain ;
No more wou'd brutal rage diſturb our peace,
But envy, hatred, war, and diſcord ceaſe ;
Our own and others good each hour employ,
And all things ſmile with univerſal joy ;
Virtue with Happineſs her conſort join'd,
Wou'd regulate and bleſs each human mind,
And man be what his Maker firſt deſign'd.

THE

THE MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

Written in the Year 1746.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

THE

MODERN

FINE GENTLEMAN.

THE MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

JUST broke from ſchool, pert, impudent, and raw,
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
His honour poſts o'er ITALY and FRANCE,
Meaſures St. PETER's dome, and learns to dance.
Thence, having quick thro' various countries flown,
Glean'd all their follies, and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing ſo ſtrange all o'er,
As never ages paſt produc'd before:
A monſter of ſuch complicated worth,
As no one ſingle clime could e'er bring forth:
Half atheiſt, papiſt, gameſter, bubble, rook,
Half fidler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.
Next, becauſe bus'neſs now is all the vogue,
And who'd be quite polite muſt be a rogue,

In

In parliament he purchaſes a ſeat,
To make th' accompliſh'd Gentleman compleat.
There ſafe in ſelf-ſufficient impudence,
Without experience, honeſty, or ſenſe,
Unknowing in her int'reſt, trade, or laws,
He vainly undertakes his country's cauſe:
Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
Torrents of nonſenſe burſt; like bottled ale,
* Tho' ſhallow, muddy; briſk, tho' mighty dull;
Fierce without ſtrength; o'erflowing, tho' not full.
Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yok'd down with bag and ſolitaire,
The liberties of BRITAIN he ſupports,
And ſtorms at place-men, miniſters, and courts;
Now in crop'd greaſy hair, and leather breeches,
He loudly bellows out his patriot ſpeeches;
King, lords, and commons ventures to abuſe,
Yet dares to ſhew thoſe ears, he ought to loſe.

From

* Parody on theſe lines of Sir J. Denham.

Tho deep, yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

From hence to WHITE's our virtuous CATO flies,
There ſits with countenance erect, and wiſe,
And talks of games of whiſt, and pig-tail pies.
Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,
Himſelf unknowingly has help'd to make;
Trembling and anxious, ſtakes his utmoſt groat,
Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought
Next morn diſowns the loſſes of the night,
Becauſe the fool would fain be thought a bite.

Devoted thus to politics, and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards,
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;
Nay, leſt one human paſſion e'er ſhould move
His ſoul to friendſhip, tenderneſs, or love,
To FIGG and BROUGHTON he commits his breaſt,
To ſteel it to the faſhionable teſt.

Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
Wretched alone, in crouds without a friend;
Inſenſible to all that's good, or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;

For

For love too buſy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, ſober, proud, luxurious knave,
By little actions ſtriving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.
And yet in this ſo bad is his ſucceſs,
That as his fame improves, his rents grow leſs;
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
With his eſtate his int'reſt too is done,
His honeſt borough ſeeks a warmer ſun,
For him, now caſh and liquor flows no more,
His independent voters ceaſe to roar:
And BRITAIN ſoon muſt want the great defence
Of all his honeſty, and eloquence,
But that the gen'rous youth more anxious grown
For public liberty, than for his own,
Marries ſome jointur'd antiquated crone:
And boldly, when his country is at ſtake,
Braves the deep yawning gulph, like CURTIUS, for its ſake.
Quickly again diſtreſs'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhauſted mine,

But

But ſeeks preferment, as the laſt reſort,
Cringes each morn at levées, bows at court,
And, from the hand he hates, implores ſupport:
The miniſter, well pleas'd at ſmall expence
To ſilence ſo much rude impertinence,
With ſqueeze and whiſper yields to his demands,
And on the venal liſt enroll'd he ſtands;
A ribband and a penſion buy the ſlave,
This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
He ſinks apace, deſpis'd by Whig and Tory;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor ſhakes the ſenate with his patriot roar,
But ſilent votes, and with court-trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring ſtar, and holds his tongue.
In craft political a bankrupt made,
He ſticks to gaming, as the ſurer trade;
Turns downright ſharper, lives by ſucking blood,
And grows, in ſhort, the very thing he wou'd:
Hunts out young heirs, who have their fortunes ſpent,
And lends them ready caſh at cent per cent,

Lays

Lays wagers on his own, and others lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers and wives,
Till death at length, indignant to be made
The daily ſubject of his ſport and trade,
Veils with his ſable hand the wretch's eyes,
And, groaning for the betts he loſes by't, he dies.

THE

THE

MODERN

FINE LADY.

———— *Miseri quibus*
Intentata nites. Hor

Written in the Year 1750.

THE

MODERN

FINE LADY.

THE MODERN FINE LADY.

SKILL'D in each art, that can adorn the fair,
The ſprightly dance, the ſoft *Italian* air,
The toſs of quality, and high-bred ſheer,
Now Lady HARRIOT reach'd her fifteenth year:
Wing'd with diverſions all her moments flew,
Each, as it paſs'd, preſenting ſomething new;
Breakfaſts and auctions wear the morn away,
Each evening gives an opera, or a play;
Then *Brag*'s eternal joys all night remain,
And kindly uſher in the morn again.
For love no time has ſhe, or inclination,
Yet muſt coquet it for the ſake of faſhion;

For this ſhe liſtens to each fop that's near;
Th' embroider'd colonel flatters with a ſneer,
And the crop'd enſign nuzzels in her ear.
But with moſt warmth her dreſs and airs inſpire
Th' ambitious boſom of the landed 'Squire,
Who fain wou'd quit plump DOLLY's ſofter charms,
For wither'd lean *Right Honourable* arms;
He bows with reverence at her ſacred ſhrine,
And treats her as if ſprung from race divine,
Which ſhe returns with inſolence and ſcorn,
Nor deigns to ſmile on a plebeian born.

Ere long by friends, by cards, and lovers croſs'd,
Her fortune, health, and reputation loſt;
Her money gone, yet not a tradeſman paid,
Her fame, yet ſhe ſtill damn'd to be a maid,
Her ſpirits ſink, her nerves are ſo unſtrung,
† She weeps, if but a handſome thief is hung:
By mercers, lacemen, mantua-makers preſt,
But moſt forready caſh for play diſtreſt,

Where

† Some of the brighteſt eyes were at this time in tears for one Maclean, condemn'd for a robbery on the highway.

Where can ſhe turn!——The 'Squire muſt all repair,
She condeſcends to liſten to his pray'r,
And marrys him at length in mere deſpair.

But ſoon th' endearments of a huſband cloy,
Her ſoul, her frame incapable of joy:
She feels no tranſports in the bridal-bed,
Of which ſo oft ſh' has heard, ſo much has read;
Then vex'd, that ſhe ſhould be condemn'd alone
To ſeek in vain this philoſophick ſtone,
To abler tutors ſhe reſolves t' apply,
A proſtitute from curioſity:
Hence men of ev'ry ſort, and ev'ry ſize,
* Impatient for heav'n's cordial drop, ſhe trys;
The fribbling beau, the rough unweildy clown,
The ruddy templar newly on the town,
Th' Hibernian captain of gigantick make,
The brimful parſon, and th' exhauſted rake.

But ſtill malignant fate her wiſh denies,
Cards yield ſuperior joys, to cards ſhe flies,

* The cordial drop, heav'n in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous draught of life go down. ROCH.

All night from *rout* to *rout* her chairmen run,
Again ſhe plays, and is again undone.
Behold her now in ruin's frightful jaws!
Bonds, judgments, executions ope their paws;
Seize jewels, furniture, and plate, nor ſpare
The gilded chariot, or the toſſel'd chair,
For lonely ſeat ſhe's forc'd to quit the town,
And *Tubbs conveys the wretched exile down.
Now rumbling o'er the ſtones of *Tyburn-Road*,
Ne'er preſt with a more griev'd or guilty load,
She bids adieu to all the well-known ſtreets,
And envys ev'ry cinder-wench ſhe meets:
And now the dreaded country firſt appears,
With ſighs unfeign'd the dying noiſe ſhe hears
Of diſtant coaches fainter by degrees,
Then ſtarts, and trembles at the ſight of trees.
Silent and ſullen, like ſome captive queen,
She's drawn along unwilling to be ſeen,
Until at length appears the ruin'd *Hall*
Within the graſs-green moat, and ivy'd wall,

The

* A perſon well known for ſupplying people of quality with hired equipages.

The doleful priſon where for ever ſhe,
But not, alas! her griefs, muſt bury'd be.
Her coach the curate and the tradeſmen meet,
Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,
And boys with ſtubble bonfires light the ſtreet,
While bells her ears with tongues diſcordant grate,
Types of the nuptial tyes they celebrate:
But no rejoycings can unbend her brow,
Nor deigns ſhe to return one aukward bow,
But bounces in diſdaining once to ſpeak,
And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.
Now ſee her in the ſad decline of life,
A peeviſh miſtreſs, and a ſulky wife;
Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown pale
With many a real, and many a fancy'd ail;
Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,
Her inſolence, and title only left;
Severely humbled to her one-horſe-chair,
And the low paſtimes of a country fair:
Too wretched to endure one lonely day,
Too proud one friendly viſit to repay,
Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray.

At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,
Shunning, and ſhun'd by all of human kind,
Ev'n rob'd of the laſt comfort of her life,
Inſulting the poor curate's callous wife,
Pride, diſappointed pride, now ſtops her breath,
And with true ſcorpion rage ſhe ſtings herſelf to death.

THE

THE

'SQUIRE *and the* PARSON:

AN

ECLOGUE,

On the PEACE concluded at *Aix la Chapelle*, the 18th Day of *October* 1748.

Bellum pax rursum. TER.

THE

SQUIRE and the PARSON:

AN

ECLOGUE,

On the Peace concluded at Aix la Chapelle,
the 18th Day of October 1748.

THE 'SQUIRE *and the* PARSON: AN ECLOGUE.

BY his hall chimney, where in rusty grate
Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,
In elbow-chair the pensive 'Squire reclin'd,
Revolving debts and taxes in his mind:
A pipe just fill'd, upon a table near
Lay by the *London-Evening* stain'd with beer,
With half a bible, on whose remnants torn
Each parish round was annually forsworn.
The gate now claps, as ev'ning just grew dark,
Tray starts, and with a growl prepares to bark;

But

But ſoon diſcerning with ſagacious noſe,
The well-known ſavour of the Parſon's toes,
Lays down his head, and ſinks in ſoft repoſe:
The Doctor ent'ring, to the tankard ran,
Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began:

PARSON.

Why ſit'ſt thou thus forlorn and dull, my friend,
Now war's rapacious reign is at an end?
Hark, how the diſtant bells inſpire delight!
See bonfires ſpangle o'er the veil of night!

'SQUIRE.

What's peace, alas! in foreign parts to me?
At home, nor peace, nor plenty can I ſee;
Joyleſs I hear drums, bells, and fiddles ſound,
'Tis all the ſame —— *Four Shillings in the Pound.*
My wheels, tho' old, are clog'd with a new tax;
My oaks, tho' young, muſt groan beneath the ax:
My barns are half unthatch'd, untyl'd my houſe,
Loſt by this fatal ſickneſs all my cows:

See there's the bill my late damn'd lawſuit coſt!
Long as the land contended for,—and loſt:
Ev'n ORMOND's head I can frequent no more,
So ſhort my pocket is, ſo long the ſcore;
At ſhops all round I owe for fifty things.—
This comes of fetching HANOVERIAN kings.

PARSON.

I muſt confeſs the times are bad indeed,
No wonder; when we ſcarce believe our creed;
When purblind reaſon's deem'd the ſureſt guide,
And heav'n-born faith at her tribunal try'd;
When all church-pow'r is thought to make men ſlaves,
Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools, and knaves.

'SQUIRE.

Come, preach no more; but drink and hold your tongue:
I'm for the church:—but think the parſons wrong.

PARSON.

See there! free-thinking now ſo rank is grown,
It ſpreads infection through each country town;

Deiſtic ſcoffs fly round at rural boards,
'Squires, and their tenants too, profane as lords,
Vent impious jokes on every ſacred thing;

'SQUIRE.

Come drink; ——————

PARSON.

——— Here's to you then, to Church and King.

'SQUIRE.

Here's Church and King, I hate the glaſs ſhou'd ſtand,
Tho' one takes tythes, and t'other taxes land.

PARSON.

Heav'n with new plagues will ſcourge this ſinful nation,
Unleſs we ſoon repeal the toleration,
And to the Church reſtore the convocation.

'SQUIRE.

Plagues we ſhou'd feel ſufficient, on my word,
Starv'd by two houſes, prieſt-rid by a third.

For

For better days we lately had a chance,
Had not the honeſt Plaids been trick'd by FRANCE.

PARSON.

Is not moſt gracious GEORGE our faith's defender?
You love the Church, yet wiſh for the Pretender!

'SQUIRE.

Preferment, I ſuppoſe, is what you mean,
Turn Whig, and you, perhaps, may be a Dean:
But you muſt firſt learn how to treat your betters.
What's here? ſure ſome ſtrange news, a boy with letters;
Oh, ho! here's one I ſee, from Parſon SLY:
" My rev'rend neighbour SQUAB being like to die,
" I hope, if heav'n ſhou'd pleaſe to take him hence,
" To aſk the living, won'd be no offence.

PARSON.

Have you not ſwore, that I ſhou'd SQUAB ſucceed?
Think how for this I taught your ſons to read;
How oft diſcover'd puſs on new-plow'd land,
How oft ſupported you with friendly hand,
When I cou'd ſcarcely go, nor cou'd your Worſhip ſtand.

'SQUIRE.

'Twas yours, had you been honeſt, wiſe, or civil;
Now ev'n go court the biſhops—or the devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing, now let me die,
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,
Like that old Preſbyterian raſcal SLY.
I am, you know, a right true-hearted Tory,
Love a good glaſs, a merry ſong, or ſtory.

'SQUIRE.

Thou art an honeſt dog, that's truth indeed—
Talk no more nonſenſe then about the creed.
I can't, I think, deny thy firſt requeſt;
'Tis thine: but firſt a bumper to the Beſt.

PARSON.

Moſt noble 'Squire, more gen'rous than your wine,
How pleaſing's the condition you aſſign?
Give me the ſparkling glaſs, and here, d'ye ſee,
With joy I drink it on my bended knee:

Great

Great Queen! who governeſt this earthly ball,
And mak'ſt both kings, and kingdoms, riſe and fall;
Whoſe wond'rous pow'r in ſecret all things rules,
Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools:
Diſpenſes miters, coronets and ſtars;
Involves far diſtant realms in bloody wars,
Then bids war's ſnaky treſſes ceaſe to his,
And gives them peace again——*nay gav'ſt us This:
Whoſe health does health to all mankind impart,
Here's to thy much lov'd health:

'SQUIRE, *rubbing his Hands*,
—With all my heart.

* Madam de P—mp—dour.

Horatii

Horatii Ep. I. *Lib.* II. *ad Auguſtum.*

THE

FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

Second Book of *HORACE*, IMITATED.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP, Lord *HARDWICKE*,

Lord High-Chancellor of GREAT-BRITAIN.

Written in the Year 1748.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

A COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Written by the Author of

THE COUNTRY WIFE.

LONDON,

Printed for Thomas Bennet, at the Half-Moon in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and Henry Herringman, at the Anchor and Crown in New Bond-Street, between the Two Temple Gates. 1677.

Advertiſement.

THE following piece is a burleſque imitation: a ſpecies of poetry, whoſe chief excellence conſiſts in a lucky and humorous application of the words and ſentiments of any author to a new ſubject totally different from the original. This is what is uſually forgot both by the writers and readers of theſe kind of compoſitions; the firſt of whom are apt to ſtrike out new and independent thoughts of their own, and the latter to admire ſuch injudicious excreſcencys: theſe immediately loſe ſight of their original, and thoſe ſcarce ever caſt an eye towards him at all. It is thought proper therefore to advertiſe the reader, that in the following epiſtle he is to expect nothing more than an appoſite converſion of the ſerious ſentiments of Horace on the Roman poetry into more ludicrous ones on the ſubject of Engliſh politicks; and if he thinks it not worth while to compare it line for line with the original, he will find in it neither wit, humour, nor even common ſenſe; all the little merit it can pretend to conſiſting ſolely in the cloſeneſs of ſo long, and uninterrupted an imitation.

HORATII

Ep. I. Lib. II.

Ad AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot ſuſtineas, & tanta negotia ſolus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes, in publica commoda peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.

Romulus,

THE

FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

Second Book of *HORACE*,

IMITATED.

WHILST you, my lord, ſuch various toils ſuſtain,
Preſide o'er Britain's Peers, her laws explain,
With ev'ry virtue ev'ry heart engage,
And live the bright example of the age,
With tedious verſe to treſpaſs on your time,
Is ſure impertinence, if not a crime.

[b] Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros aſſignant, oppida condunt,
Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis : [c] diram qui contudit hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit invidiam ſupremo fine domari :
[d] Urit enim fulgore ſuo qui prægravat artes,
Infra ſe poſitas ; extinctus amabitur idem.
[e] Preſenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
Jurandaſque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,
[f] Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.

Sed

[b] All the fam'd heroes, ſtateſmen, admirals,
Who after death within the ſacred walls
Of WESTMINSTER with kings have been receiv'd,
Met with but ſorry treatment, while they liv'd;
And tho' they labour'd in their country's cauſe,
With arms defended her, and form'd with laws,
Yet ever mourn'd they till'd a barren ſoil,
And left the world ungrateful to their toil.
[c] Ev'n † He, who long the houſe of Com----ns led,
That Hydra dire, with many a gaping head,
Found by experience to his lateſt breath,
Envy could only be ſubdu'd by death.
[d] Great men whilſt living muſt expect diſgraces,
Dead they're ador'd---when none deſire their places.
[e] This common fate, my lord, attends not you,
Above all equal, and all envy too;
With ſuch unrivall'd eminence you ſhine,
That in this truth alone all parties join,
The ſeat of juſtice in no former reign
[f] Was e'er ſo greatly fill'd, nor ever can again.

† Sir R——W——

g Sed tuus hic populus ſapiens & juſtus in uno,
Te noſtris ducibus, te Graiis ante ferendo,
Cætera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Æſtimat, & niſi quæ terris ſemota, ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit, & odit.
h Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri ſanxerunt, fœdera regum
Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annoſa volumina Vatum,
Dictitet Albano Muſis in monte locutas.
i Si quia Græcorum ſunt antiquiſſima quæque
Scripta vel optima, Romani penſantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non eſt quod multa loquamur,
Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri:
k Venimus ad ſummam fortunæ; pingimus atque
l Pſallimus, & luctamur Achivis doctior ipſis.
m Si meliora dies, ut vina poemata reddit
Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus?
Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos, vetereſne referri debet? an inter
Viles, atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

Eſt

[g] But, tho' the people are ſo juſt to you,
To none beſides will they allow their due,
No miniſter approve, who is not dead,
Nor, till h' has loſt it, own he had a head;
[h] Yet ſuch reſpect they bear to ancient things,
They've ſome for former miniſters and kings;
And, with a kind of ſuperſtitious awe,
Deem Magna Charta ſtill a ſacred law.
[i] But, if becauſe the government was beſt
Of old in FRANCE, when freedom ſhe poſſeſt,
In the ſame ſcale reſolv'd to weigh our own,
ENGLAND's we judge was ſo, who then had none;
Into moſt ſtrange abſurdities we fall,
Unworthy to be reaſon'd with at all.
[k] Brought to perfection in theſe days we ſee
All arts, and their great parent liberty,
[l] With ſkill profound we ſing, eat, dreſs, and dance,
And in each goût polite, excell ev'n FRANCE.
[m] If age of miniſters is then the teſt,
And, as of wines, the oldeſt are the beſt,
Let's try, and fix ſome æra, if we can,
When good ones were extinct, and bad began:

Are

[a] Eſt vetus, atque probus, centum qui perficit annos?
Quid qui deperiit minor uno menſe, vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? vetereſne poetas,
An quos & præſens, & poſtera reſpuet ætas?
Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur honeſte
Qui vel menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno
Utor permiſſo, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
[o] Paulatim vello, & demo unum, demo etiam unum,
Dum cadat elusus ratione ruenis acervit
Qui redit ad faſtos, & virtutem æſtimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, niſi quod Libitina ſacravit.
[p] Ennius & ſapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur,
Quo promiſſa cadant, & ſomnia Pythagorea:
[q] Nævius in manibus non eſt, & mentibus hæret
Pene recens, adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema.
[r] Ambigitur quoties uter utro ſit prior; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afrani toga conveniſſe Menandro;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;
[s] Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.
[t] Hos ediſcit, & hos arcto ſtipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens; habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad noſtrum tempus Livii ſcriptoris ab ævo.

n Are they all wicked ſince Eliza's days?
Did none in Charles', or James's merit praiſe?
Or are they knaves but ſince the revolution?
If none of theſe are facts, then all's confuſion;
And by the ſelf-ſame rule one cannot fail,
o To pluck each hair out ſingly from the tail.
p Wiſe Cecil, lov'd by people and by prince,
As often broke his word as any ſince:
q Of Arthur's days we almoſt nothing know,
Yet ſing their praiſe, becauſe they're long ago.
r Oft, as 'tis doubted in their ſeveral ways
Which of paſt orators beſt merit praiſe,
We find it to decide extremely hard,
If Harley's head deſerv'd the moſt regard,
Or Windham's tongue, or Jekyl's patriot-heart,
s Old Shippen's gravity, or Walpole's art.
t Theſe were ador'd by all with whom they voted,
And in the fulleſt houſes ſtill are quoted;
Theſe have been fam'd from Anna's days till ours,
When Pelham has improv'd, with unknown pow'rs,
The art of miniſterial eloquence,
By adding honeſt truth to nervous ſenſe.

[u] Interdum vulgus rectum videt; eſt ubi peccat:
[v] Si veteres ita miratur, laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:
[x] Si quædam nimis antiquè, ſi pleraque durè
Dicere credit eos, ignavè multa fatetur;
Et ſapit, & mecum facit & Jove judicat æquo.
[y] Non equidem inſector, delendaque carmina Livii
Eſſe reor, memini quæ plagoſum mihi parvo
[z] Orbilium dictitare; ſed emendata videri
Pulchraque, & exactis minimum diſtantia, miror.
[a] Inter quæ verbum emicuit ſi forte decorum, &
Si verſus paulos concinnior unus, & alter
Injuſte totum ducit, venditque poema.
[b] Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non qui craſſè
Compoſitum illepidève putetur, ſed quia nuper:
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem & præmia poſci.

Rectè

[u] Oft are the vulgar wrong, yet ſometimes right;
The late rebellion in the trueſt light
By chance they ſaw; but were not once ſo wiſe,
Unknown, unheard, in damning the exciſe:
[w] If former reigns they fancy had no fault,
I think their judgment is not worth a groat;
[x] But if they frankly own their politicks,
Like ours, might have ſome blunders, and ſome tricks,
With ſuch impartial ſentiments I join,
And their opinions tally juſt with mine.
[y] I wou'd by no means church or king deſtroy,
And yet the doctrines, taught me when a boy
[z] By Crab the curate, now ſeem wond'rous odd,
That either came immediately from God:
[a] In all the writings of thoſe high-flown-ages
You meet with now and then ſome ſcatter'd pages
Wrote with ſome ſpirit, and with ſenſe enough;
Theſe ſell the book, the reſt is wretched ſtuff:
[b] I'm quite provok'd, when principles, tho' true,
Muſt ſtand impeach'd by fools, becauſe they're new.

[c] Rectè necne crocum floreſque perambulat Attæ
Fabula ſi dubitem, clament periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene patres, ea cum reprendere coner
Quæ gravis Æſopus, quæ doctus Roſcius egit.
Vel quia nil rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt,
[d] Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ
Imberbes didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.
[e] Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit.
[f] Quod ſi tam Græcis novitas inviſa fuiſſet
Quam nobis, quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet
Quod legeret, tereretque viritim publicus uſus?
[g] Ut primum poſitis nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, & in vitium fortunâ labier æqua,
[h] Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit equorum,
[i] Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, at æris amavit:
Suſpendit picta vultum mentemque tabella:

Nunc

[c] Shou'd I but queſtion, only for a joke,
If all was flow'rs, when pompous HANMER ſpoke,
If things went right, when ST. JOHN trod the ſtage,
How the old tories all wou'd ſtorm and rage!
[d] They ſhun conviction, or becauſe a truth
Confeſs'd in age implies they err'd in youth;
Or that they ſcorn to learn of junior wits:—
What!—to be taught by LYTTLETONS and PITTS!
[e] When angry patriots or in proſe or rhymes,
Extoll the virtuous deeds of former times,
They only mean the preſent to diſgrace,
And look with envious hate on all in place:
[f] But had the patriots of thoſe ancient days,
Play'd the ſame game for profit, or for praiſe,
The trade, tho' now ſo flouriſhing and new,
Had long been ruin'd, and the nation too.
[g] ENGLAND, when once of peace and wealth poſſeſt,
Began to think frugality a jeſt,
So grew polite; hence all her well-bred heirs
[h] Gameſters, and jockeys turn'd, and cricket-play'rs;
[i] Pictures and buſts in ev'ry houſe were ſeen;
What ſhou'd have pay'd the butcher, bought POUSSIN;

k Nunc tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragœdis:
l Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,
Quod cupidè petiit, mature plena reliquit:
Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?
m Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique ſecundi.
n Romæ dulce diu fuit, & ſolenne recluſa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,
Cautos nominibus certis expendere nummos;
o Majores audire, minores dicere per quæ
Creſcere res poſſet, minui damnoſa libido.
p Mutavit mentem populus levis; & calet uno
Scribendi ſtudio; pueri, patreſque ſeveri
q Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & carmina dictant.
r Ipſe ego, qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,

Inve-

[k] Now operas, now plays were all the faſhion,
Then whiſt became the buſineſs of the nation,
[l] That, like a froward child, in wanton play
Now cries for toys, then toſſes them away;
Each hour we chang'd our pleaſures, dreſs, and diet;
[m] Theſe were the bleſt effects of being quiet.

[n] Not thus behav'd the true old Engliſh 'ſquire,
He ſmoak'd his pipe each morn by his own fire,
There juſtice to diſpenſe was ever willing,
And for his warrants pick'd up many a ſhilling:
[o] To teach his younger neighbours always glad,
Where for their corn beſt markets might be had,
And from experienc'd age as glad to learn,
How to defraud unſeen the parſon's barn.

[p] But now the world's quite alter'd, all are bent
To leave their ſeats, and fly to parliament;
Old men and boys in this alone agree,
And vainly courting popularity,
Ply their obſtrep'rous voters all night long
[q] With bumpers, toaſts, and now and then a ſong:
[r] Ev'n I, who ſwear theſe follies I deſpiſe,
Than ſtateſmen, or their porters, tell more lies;

Invenior Parthis mendacior; & prius orto
Sole, vigil calamum, & chartas, & ſcrinia poſco.
[s] Navem agere ignarus navis timet; abrotonum ægro
Non audet, niſi qui didicit, dare; quod medicorum eſt
Promittunt medici: tractant fabrilia fabri;
Scribimus indocti, doctique poemata paſſim.
[t] Hic error tamen, & levis hæc inſania quantas
Virtutes habeat, ſic collige: Vatis avarus
[u] Non temere eſt animus: verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum:
[w] Detrimenta, fugas ſervorum, incendia ridet;
[x] Non fraudem ſocio, puerove incogitat ullum
Pupillo: [y] vivit ſiliquis, & pane ſecundo;
[z] Militiæ quanquam piger, & malus, utilis urbi,

And, for the faſhion-ſake, in ſpight of nature,
Commence ſometimes a moſt important creature,
Buſy as CAR—W rave for ink and quills,
And ſtuff my head and pockets full of bills.
[s] Few land-men go to ſea, unleſs they're preſt,
And quacks in all profeſſions are a jeſt;
None dare to kill, except moſt learn'd phyſicians,
Learn'd, or unlearn'd, we all are politicians:
There's not a ſoul but thinks, cou'd he be ſent,
H' has parts enough to ſhine in parliament.
[t] Tho' many ills this modern taſte produces,
Yet ſtill, my lord, 'tis not without its uſes;
[u] Theſe minor politicians are a kind
Not much to ſelfiſh avarice inclin'd;
Do but allow them with applauſe to ſpeak,
[w] They little care, tho' all their tenants break;
[x] They form intrigues with no man's wife, or daughter,
[y] And live on pudden, chicken-broth, and water;
[z] Fierce Jacobites, as far as bluſt'ring words,
But loth in any cauſe to draw their ſwords.

[a] Si das hoc parvis quoque rebus magna juvari,
[b] Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat,
[c] Torquet ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem,
[d] Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis, & invidiæ corrector, & iræ:
[e] Recte facta refert; orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis; [f] inopem solatur & ægrum.
[g] Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti
Disceret unde preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
Poscit opem chorus, & præsentia numina sentit,
[h] Cœlestes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus;
[i] Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit.
[k] Impetrat & pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum:

Car-

[a] Were ſmaller matters worthy of attention,
A thouſand other uſes I cou'd mention;
For inſtance, in each monthly magazine
Their eſſays and orations ſtill are ſeen,
[b] And magazines teach boys and girls to read,
And are the canons of each tradeſman's creed;
Apprentices they ſerve to entertain,
[c] Inſtead of ſmutty tales, and plays profane;
[d] Inſtruct them how their paſſions to command,
And to hate none—but thoſe who rule the land:
[e] Facts they record, births, marriages, and deaths,
[f] Sometimes receipts for claps, and ſtinking breaths.
[g] When with her brothers miſs comes up to town,
How for each play can ſhe afford a crown?
Where find diverſions gratis, and yet pretty,
Unleſs ſhe goes to church, or a committee?
And ſure committees better entertain,
[h] Than hearing a dull parſon pray for rain,
[i] Or whining beg deliverance from battle,
Dangers, and ſins, and ſickneſs amongſt cattle;
At church ſhe hears with unattentive ear
[k] The pray'rs for peace, and for a plenteous year,

[l] Carmine Dii ſuperii placantur, carmine Manes.
[m] Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
[n] Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus, & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem
Cum ſociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fidâ
Tellurem porco, Sylvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus, & vino, Genium memorem brevis ævi.
[o] Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;
[p] Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter; donec jam ſævus apertam
[q] In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, & per honeſtas
Ire domos impunè minax: doluere cruento
[r] Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi; quin etiam lex
[s] Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
Deſcribi; vertere modum formidine fuſtis
Ad bene dicendum, delectandumque reducti.
[t] Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artes
Intulit agreſti Latio, ſic horridus ille
[u] Defluxit numerus Saturnius, & grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere: ſed in longum tamen ævum

Manſerunt,

But here quite charm'd with ſo much wit and ſenſe,
She falls a victim ſoon to eloquence;
Well may the fall; ſince eloquence has power
[l] To govern both the upper houſe and lower.
[m] Our ancient gentry, frugal, bold, and rough,
Were farmers, yet liv'd happily enough;
[n] They, when in barns their corn was ſafely lay'd,
For harveſt-homes great entertainments made,
The well-rub'd tables crack'd with beef and pork,
And all the ſupper ſhar'd, who ſhar'd the work;
[o] This gave freeholders firſt a taſte for eating,
And was the ſource of all election-treating;
[p] Awhile their jeſts, tho' merry, yet were wiſe,
And they took none but decent liberties.
Brandy and punch at length ſuch riots bred,
[q] No ſober family cou'd ſleep in bed:
[r] All were alarm'd, ev'n thoſe who had no hurt
[s] Call'd in the law, to ſtop ſuch dang'rous ſport.
[t] Rich citizens at length new arts brought down
With ready caſh, to win each country town;
[u] This leſs diſorders caus'd than downright drink,
Freemen grew civil, and began to think;

[w] Manſerunt, hodieque manent veſtigia ruris.

[x] Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis,
Et poſt Punica bella quietus, quærere cœpit,
Quid Sophoclis, & Theſpis, & Æſchylus utile ferrent;
Tentavit quoque rem ſi dignè vertere poſſet,
[y] Et placuit ſibi naturâ ſublimis, & acer,
Nam ſpirat tragicum ſatis, & feliciter audet:
[z] Sed turpem putat in ſcriptis, metuitque lituram.
[a] Creditur ex medio quia res arceſſit, habere
[b] Sudoris minimum; ſed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus: [c] Aſpice Plautus
[d] Quo pacto partes tutetur amantis ephebi!
[e] Ut patris attenti, [f] lenonis ut inſidioſi;
Quantus ſit Dorſennus [g] edacibus in paraſitis!

Quam

[w] But ſtill all canvaſſing produc'd confuſion,
The reliſts of its ruſtic inſtitution.
[x] 'Tis but of late, ſince thirty years of peace
To uſeful ſciences have giv'n increaſe,
That w' have inquir'd how ROME's loſt ſons of old
Barter'd their liberties for feaſts, and gold;
What treats proud SYLLA, CÆSAR, CRASSUS gave,
And try'd, like them, to buy each hungry knave;
Nor try'd in vain; [y] too fortunately bold
Many have purchas'd votes, and many ſold;
No laws can now amend this venal land,
[z] That dreads the touch of a reforming hand.
[a] Some think an int'reſt may be form'd with eaſe,
Becauſe the vulgar we muſt chiefly pleaſe;
[b] But for that reaſon 'tis the harder taſk,
For ſuch will neither pardon grant, nor aſk.
[c] See how Sir W——— maſter of this art,
By diff'rent methods wins each C———n heart.
[d] He tells raw youths, that whoring is no harm,
[e] And teaches their attentive ſires to farm;
To his own table lovingly invites
[f] Inſidious pimps, and [g] hungry paraſites;

Some-

[k] Quam non adſtricto percurrat pulpita ſocco :
[l] Geſtit enim nummos in loculos demittere, poſt hoc
Securus cadat, an recto ſtet fabula talo.
[k] Quem tulit ad ſcenam ventoſo gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inſtat ;
[l] Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit : [m] Valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
[n] Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc, terretque poetam
Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti, ſtolidique, & depugnare parati,
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
[o] Aut urſum, aut pugiles ; nam his plebecula gaudet.

Verum

[h] Sometimes in ſlippers, and a morning gown,
He pays his early viſits round a town,
At every houſe relates his ſtories over,
Of place-bills, taxes, turnips, and HANOVER;
[i] If tales will money ſave, and buſineſs do,
It matters little, are they falſe or true.
[k] Whoe'er prefers a clam'rous mob's applauſe
To his own conſcience, or his country's cauſe,
Is ſoon elated, and as ſoon caſt down
By every drunken cobler's ſmile, or frown;
[l] So ſmall a matter can depreſs, or raiſe
A mind, that's meanly covetous of praiſe:
But if my quiet muſt dependent be
On the vain breath of popularity,
A wind each hour to diff'rent quarters veering,
[m] Adieu, ſay I, to all Electioneering.
[n] The boldeſt orator it diſconcerts,
To find the many, tho' of meaneſt parts.
Illit'rate, ſquabbling, diſcontented priggs,
Fitter t' attend a boxing-match at FIGG's,
To all good ſenſe, and reaſon ſhut their ears,
Yet take delight in S—D—M's [o] bulls and bears.

Young

[p] Verum equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana:
Quatuor aut plures Aulæa premuntur in horas,
[q] Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ;
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis,
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves,
[r] Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
Si foret in terris rideret Democritus, ſeu
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera, camelo
Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipſis;
Ut ſibi prebentem mimo ſpectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret aſello
[s] Fabellam ſurdo; nam quæ pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referent quem noſtra theatra?
Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuſcum;
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, & artes
Divitiæque peregrinæ: [t] quibus oblitus actor
Quum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
[u] Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil ſane: quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Ac

[p] Young knights now ſent from many a diſtant ſhire
Are better pleas'd with what they ſee, than hear;
Their joy's to view his majeſty approach,
Drawn by ſix milk-white ſteeds in gilded coach,
The pageant ſhow and buſtle to behold,
[q] The guards both horſe and foot lac'd o'er with gold,
The rich inſignia from the Tower brought down,
[r] The iv'ry ſcepter and the radiant crown.
The mobb huzza, the thund'ring cannons roar,
And bus'neſs is delay'd at leaſt at hour;
The Speaker calls indeed to mind what paſſes,
[s] But might as well read orders to deaf aſſes.
[t] But now ſee honeſt V—— riſe to joke!
The houſe all laugh; [u] what ſays he? has he ſpoke?
No not a word; then whence this ſudden mirth?
His phyz foretells ſome jeſt's approaching birth.

But

w Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem,
Quum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
x Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poetam, meu qui pectus inaniter angit.
z Irritat, mulcet, a falſis terroribus implet,
y Ut magus, & b modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
c Verum age, & his qui ſe lectori credere malunt,
Quam ſpectatoris faſtidia ferre ſuperbi,
Curam redde brevem; d ſi munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere libris, e & vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem:
f Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſæpe poetæ,
g (Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) quum tibi librum
h Sollicito damus, aut feſſo; quum lædimur, unum

Si

[w] But leſt I ſeem theſe orators to wrong,
Envious becauſe I ſhare no gift of tongue,
[x] Is there a MAN whoſe eloquence has pow'r
To clear the fulleſt houſe in half an hour,
Who now appears to rave, and now to weep,
[z] Who ſometimes makes us ſwear, and ſometimes ſleep,
Now fills our heads with falſe alarms from FRANCE,
[y] Then conjurer like [b] to INDIA makes us dance,
All elogys on him I own are true,
For ſurely he does all that man can do.
[c] But whilſt, my lord, theſe makers of our laws
Thus ſpeak themſelves into the world's applauſe,
[d] Let bards for ſuch attempts too modeſt ſhare
What more they prize, your patronage and care,
[e] If you wou'd ſpur them up the muſe's hill,
Or aſk their aid your library to fill.
[f] We poets are in ev'ry age, and nation,
A moſt abſurd, wrong-headed generation;
This in a thouſand inſtances is ſhewn,
[g] (Myſelf as guilty as the reſt I own)
As when on you our nonſenſe we impoſe,
[h] Tir'd with the nonſenſe you have heard in proſe;

When

[j] Siquis amicorum eſt auſus reprendere verſum :

[k] Quum loca, jam recitata revolvimus inrevocati ;

[l] Quum lamentamur, non apparere labores
Noſtros, & tenui deducta poemata filo :

[m] Quum ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut ſimul atque
Carmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceſſas, & egere vetes, & ſcribere cogas.

[n] Sed tamen eſt operæ pretium cognoſcere quales
Ædituos habeat belli, ſpectata domique
Virtus, indigno non committenda poetæ.

[o] Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui verſibus & male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere ſcriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt ; idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, nequis ſe præter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret æra

[p] Fortis Alexandri vultum ſimulantia ; quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros, & ad hæc Muſarum dona vocares,

[q] Bæotûm in craſſo jurares aere natum.

[l] When w' are offended, if ſome honeſt friend
Preſumes one unharmonious verſe to mend;
[k] When undeſir'd our labours we repeat,
[j] Grieve they're no more regarded by the great,
[m] And fancy, ſhou'd YOU once but ſee our faces,
You'd bid us write, and pay us all with places.
[n] 'T'is yours, my lord, to form the ſoul to verſe,
Who have ſuch num'rous virtues to rehearſe;
[o] Great ALEXANDER once, in ancient days,
Pay'd CHOERILUS for daubing him with praiſe;
And yet the ſame fam'd heroe made a law,
None but APELLES ſhou'd his picture draw;
[p] None but LYSIPPUS caſt his royal head
In braſs: it had been treaſon if in lead;
A prince he was in valour ne'er ſurpaſs'd,
And had in painting too perhaps ſome taſte;
But as to verſe, undoubted is the matter,
[q] He muſt be dull, as a Dutch commentator.

r At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Delecti tibi Virgilius, Variuſque poetæ:
s Nec magis expreſſi vultus per aenea ſigna
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. t Nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, quam res componere geſtas
Terrarumque ſitus, & flumina dicere, & arces
Montibus impoſitas, & barbara regna, tuiſque
x Auſpiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,
Clauſtraque cuſtodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
w Et formidatam Parthis te principe Romam:
u Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque: y ſed neque parvum
Carmen majeſtas recipit tua, nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor quam vires ferre recuſent.
z Sedulitas autem, ſtulte quem diligit, urguet
Præcipuè cum ſe numeris commendat & arte:
Diſcit enim citius meminitque libentius, illud
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat & veneratur.
Nil moror officium quod me gravat: ac neque ficto
In pejus vultu proponi cereus uſquam,
Nec prave factis decorari verſibus opto:

Ne

r But you, my lord, a fav'rite of the muſe,
Wou'd chuſe good poets, were there good to chuſe,
s You know they paint the great man's ſoul as like,
As can his features KNELLER, or VANDYKE.
t Had I ſuch pow'r, I never wou'd compoſe
Such creeping lines as theſe, nor verſe, nor proſe;
But rather try to celebrate your praiſe,
u And with your juſt encomiums ſwell my lays:
Had I a genius equal to my will,
Gladly wou'd I exert my utmoſt ſkill
To conſecrate to fame BRITANNIA's land
Receiving law from your impartial hand;
By your wiſe counſels once more pow'rful made,
Her fleets rever'd, and flouriſhing her trade;
w Exhauſted nations trembling at her ſword,
x And * PEACE long wiſh'd-for to the world reſtor'd.
y But your true greatneſs ſuffers no ſuch praiſe,
z My verſe wou'd ſink the theme it meant to raiſe;
Unequal to the taſk wou'd ſurely meet
Deſerv'd contempt, and each preſumptuous ſheet

* A general peace was at this time juſt concluded at Aix la Chapelle.

Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, & una
Cum ſcriptore meo, capſa porrectus aperta,
[a] Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

Cou'd ſerve for nothing, ſcrawl'd with lines ſo ſimple,
Unleſs to wrap up ſugar-loaves for Wimple.

To the Right Hon. the EARL *of* CHESTERFIELD, *on his being inſtall'd Knight of the* GARTER.

THeſe trophies, STANHOPE, of a lovely dame,
Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,
Who with ſuch juſt propriety can wear,
As thou the darling of the gay and fair?
See ev'ry friend to wit, politeneſs, love,
With one conſent thy ſovereign's choice approve!
And liv'd PLANTAGENET her voice to join,
Her ſelf, and GARTER both were ſurely thine.

To a Lady in Town, ſoon after her leaving the Country.

WHilſt you, dear maid, o'er thouſands born to reign,
For the gay town exchange the rural plain,
The cooling breeze, and ev'ning walk forſake
For ſtifling crowds, which your own beauties make;
Thro' circling joys while you inceſſant ſtray,
Charm in the Mall, and ſparkle at the play;
Think (if ſucceſſive vanities can ſpare
One thought to love) what cruel pangs I bear,
Left in theſe plains all wretched, and alone,
To weep with fountains, and with ecchos groan,
And mourn inceſſantly that fatal day,
That all my bliſs with CHLOE ſnatch'd away.
Say by what arts I can relieve my pain,
Muſick, verſe, all I try, but try in vain;
In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,
Late the companion of my CHLOE's voice,

Nor HANDEL's, nor CORELLI's tuneful airs
Can harmonize my ſoul, or ſooth my cares;
Thoſe once-lov'd med'cines unſucceſsful prove,
Muſick, alas, is but the voice of love!
In vain I oft harmonious lines peruſe,
And ſeek for aid from POPE's, and PRIOR's muſe;
Their treach'rous numbers but aſſiſt the foe,
And call forth ſcenes of ſympathiſing woe:
Here HELOISE mourns her abſent lover's charms,
There parting EMMA ſighs in HENRY's arms;
Their loves like mine ill-fated I bemoan,
And in their tender ſorrows read my own.
Reſtleſs ſometimes, as oft the mournful dove
Forſakes her neſt forſaken by her love,
I fly from home, and ſeek the ſacred fields,
Where CAM's old urn its ſilver current yields,
Where ſolemn tow'rs o'er-look each moſſy grove,
As if to guard it from th' aſſaults of love;
Yet guard in vain, for there my CHLOE's eyes
But lately made whole colleges her prize;
Her ſons, tho' few, not PALLAS cou'd defend,
Nor DULLNESS ſuccour to her thouſands lend;

Love like a fever with infectious rage
Scorch'd up the young, and thaw'd the froſt of age;
To gaze at her, ev'n DONNS were ſeen to run,
And leave unfiniſh'd pipes, and authors—ſcarce begun.
* So HELEN look'd, and mov'd with ſuch a grace,
When the grave ſeniors of the TROJAN race
Were forc'd thoſe fatal beauties to admire,
That all their youth conſum'd, and ſet their town on fire.
At fam'd NEWMARKET oft I ſpend the day
An unconcern'd ſpectator of the play;
There pitileſs obſerve the ruin'd heir
With anger fir'd, or melting with deſpair:
For how ſhou'd I his trivial loſs bemoan,
Who feel one, ſo much greater, of my own?
There while the golden heaps, a glorious prize,
Wait the deciſion of two rival dice,
Whilſt long diſputes 'twixt *ſeven* and *five* remain,
And each, like parties, have their friends for gain,
Without one wiſh I ſee the guineas ſhine,
Fate, keep your gold, I cry, make CHLOE mine.

Now

* Vid. Hom IL. Lib. III. Ver. 150.

Now ſee, prepar'd their utmoſt ſpeed to try,
O're the ſmooth turf the bounding racers fly!
Now more and more their ſlender limbs they ſtrain,
And foaming ſtretch along the velvet plain!
Ah ſtay! ſwift ſteeds, your rapid flight delay,
No more the jockey's ſmarting laſh obey:
But rather let my hand direct the rein,
And guide your ſteps a nobler prize to gain;
Then ſwift as eagles cut the yielding air,
Bear me, oh bear me to the abſent fair.

Now when the winds are huſh'd, the air ſerene,
And chearful ſun-beams gild the beauteous ſcene,
Penſive o'er all the neighb'ring fields I ſtray,
Where e'er or choice, or chance directs the way;
Or view the op'ning lawns, or private woods,
Or diſtant bluiſh hills, or ſilver floods:
Now harmleſs birds in ſilken nets inſnare,
Now with ſwift dogs purſue the flying hare;
Dull ſports! for oh my CHLOE is not there!

Fatigued at length I willingly retire
To a ſmall ſtudy, and a chearful fire,

There

There o'er ſome folio pore, I pore 'tis true,
But oh my thoughts are fled, and fled to you!
I hear you, ſee you, feaſt upon your eyes,
And claſp with eager arms the lovely prize;
Here for a while I cou'd forget my pain,
Whilſt I by dear reflection live again:
But ev'n theſe joys are too ſublime to laſt,
And quickly fade, like all the real ones paſt;
For juſt when now beneath ſome ſilent grove
I hear you talk—and talk perhaps of love,
Or charm with thrilling notes the liſt'ning ear,
Sweeter than angels ſing, or angels hear,
My treach'rous hand its weighty charge lets go,
The book falls thund'ring on the floor below,
The pleaſing viſion in a moment's gone,
And I once more am wretched, and alone.

So when glad ORPHEUS from th' infernal ſhade
Had juſt recall'd his long-lamented maid,
Soon as her charms had reach'd his eager eyes,
Loſt in eternal night—again ſhe dies.

To a LADY,

Sent with a Preſent of Shells and Stones deſign'd for a GROTTO.

WIth gifts like theſe, the ſpoils of neighb'ring ſhores,
The Indian ſwain his ſable love adores,
Off'rings well ſuited to the duſky ſhrine
Of his rude goddeſs, but unworthy mine:
And yet they ſeem not ſuch a worthleſs prize,
If nicely view'd by philoſophic eyes;
And ſuch are yours, that nature's works admire
With warmth like that, which they themſelves inſpire.
To ſuch how fair appears each grain of ſand,
Or humbleſt weed, as wrought by nature's hand!
How far ſuperior to all human pow'r
Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r!
In all her births, tho' of the meaneſt kinds,
A juſt obſerver entertainment finds,

With

With fond delight her low productions ſees,
And how ſhe gently riſes by degrees;
A ſhell, or ſtone he can with pleaſure view,
Hence trace her nobleſt works, the heav'ns—and you.

Behold, how bright theſe gaudy trifles ſhine,
The lovely ſportings of a hand divine!
See with what art each curious ſhell is made,
Here carv'd in fretwork, there with pearl inlaid!
What vivid ſtreaks th' enamell'd ſtones adorn,
Fair as the paintings of the purple morn!
Yet ſtill not half their charms can reach our eyes,
While thus confus'd the ſparkling Chaos lies;
Doubly they'll pleaſe, when in your Grotto plac'd,
They plainly ſpeak their fair diſpoſer's taſte;
Then glories yet unſeen ſhall o'er them riſe,
New order from your hand, new luſtre from your eyes.

How ſweet, how charming will appear this Grot,
When by your art to full perfection brought;
Here verdant plants, and blooming flow'rs will grow,
There bubbling currents thro' the ſhell-work flow;
Here coral mixt with ſhells of various dies,
There poliſh'd ſtones will charm our wand'ring eyes;

Delight-

Delightful bow'r of bliſs! ſecure retreat!
Fit for the Muſes, and STATIRA's ſeat.
But ſtill how good muſt be that fair-one's mind,
Who thus in ſolitude can pleaſure find!
The muſe her company, good-ſenſe her guide,
Reſiſtleſs charms her pow'r, but not her pride:
Who thus forſakes the town, the park, and play,
In ſilent ſhades to paſs her hours away;
Who better likes to breathe freſh country air,
Than ride impriſon'd in a velvet chair,
And make the warbling nightingale her choice,
Before the thrills of FARINELLI's voice;
Prefers her books, and conſcience void of ill,
To conſorts, balls, aſſemblies, and quadrille:
Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd, than gilded chariots ſees,
For groves the playhouſe quits, and beaus for trees.
Bleſt is the man, whom heav'n ſhall grant one hour
With ſuch a lovely nymph, in ſuch a lovely bow'r!

To a LADY,

In anſwer to a Letter wrote in a very fine Hand.

WHilſt well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes command,
The beauteous work of CHLOE's artful hand,
Throughout the finiſh'd piece we ſee diſplay'd
Th' exacteſt image of the lovely maid;
Such is her wit, and ſuch her form divine,
This pure, as flows the ſtyle thro' ev'ry line,
That, like each letter, exquiſitely fine.
See with what art the ſable currents ſtain
In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain!
Thus o'er the meadows wrap'd in ſilver ſnow
Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow;
Thus jetty curls in ſhining ringlets deck
The ivory plain of lovely CHLOE's neck:
See, like ſome virgin, whoſe unmeaning charms
Receive new luſtre from a lover's arms,

The

The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breaſt,
By her fair hand and flowing pen impreſt,
At ev'ry touch more animated grows,
And with new life and new ideas glows,
Freſh beauties from the kind defiler gains,
And ſhines each moment brighter from its ſtains.
Let mighty Love no longer boaſt his darts,
That ſtrike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts,
Chloe, your quill can equal wonders do,
Wound full as ſure, and at a diſtance too:
Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
From pole to pole you ſend your great commands,
To diſtant climes in vain the lover flies,
Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'ſcapes your eyes;
So thoſe, who from the ſword in battle run,
But periſh victims to the diſtant gun.
Beauty's a ſhort-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
But theſe are charms no ages can devour;
Theſe far ſuperior to the brighteſt face,
Triumph alike o'er time, as well as ſpace.
When that fair form, which thouſands now adore,
By years decay'd, ſhall tyrannize no more,

Theſe lovely lines ſhall future ages view,
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.
How oft do I admire with fond delight
The curious piece, and wiſh like you to write!
Alas, vain hope! that might as well aſpire
To copy PAULO's ſtroke, or TITIAN's fire:
Ev'n now your ſplendid lines before me lie,
And I in vain to imitate them try;
Believe me, fair, I'm practiſing this art,
To ſteal your hand, in hopes to ſteal your heart.

To the Right Hon. the Lady Margaret Cavendiſh Harley, *preſented with a Collection of* Poems.

THE tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,
And verſe a tribute ſacred to the fair,
Hence in each age the lovelieſt nymph has been,
By undiſputed right, the Muſes queen;
Her ſmiles have all poetic boſoms fir'd,
And patronis'd the verſe themſelves inſpir'd:
LESBIA preſided thus in Roman times,
Thus SACHARISSA reign'd o'er Britiſh rhymes,
And preſent bards to MARGARETTA bow,
For, what they were of old, is HARLEY now.
From OXFORD's houſe, in theſe dull buſy days,
Alone we hope for patronage, or praiſe;
He to our ſlighted labours ſtill is kind,
Beneath his roof w' are ever ſure to find

(Reward

(Reward ſufficient for the world's neglect)
Charms to inſpire, and goodneſs to protect;
Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,
Your fire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays,
Form'd for our glory and ſupport, ye ſeem,
Our conſtant patron he, and you our theme.
Where ſhou'd poetic homage then be pay'd?
Where ev'ry verſe, but at your feet, be lay'd?
A double right you to this empire bear,
As firſt in beauty, and as OXFORD's heir.

Illuſtrious maid! in whoſe ſole perſon join'd
Ev'ry perfection of the fair we find,
Charms that might warrant all her ſex's pride,
Without one foible of her ſex to hide;
Good-nature artleſs as the bloom that dies
Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.
Oh HARLEY! cou'd but you theſe lines approve,
Theſe children ſprung from idleneſs, and love,
Cou'd they, (but ah how vain is the deſign!)
Hope to amuſe your hours, as once they've mine,
Th' ill-judging world's applauſe, and critics blame
Alike I'd ſcorn; your approbation's fame.

HORATII

Lib. II. Od. XVI.

1. OTIUM divos rogat in patenti
Prenſus Ægeo, ſimul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis.

2. Otium bello furioſa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetra decori
Groſphe, non gemmis, neque purpurâ venale, nec auro.

3. Non enim gazæ, neque conſularis
Summovet lictor miſeros tumultus
Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

4. Vivitur parvo bene cui paternum
Splendit in menſâ tenui ſalinum,
Nec leves ſomnos timor, aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

HORACE,

Book II. Ode XVI. Imitated.

To the Hon. PHILIP YORKE, Eſq; ſoon after the General Election in 1747.

1. FOR quiet, YORKE, the ſailor crys,
When gath'ring ſtorms obſcure the ſkys,
The ſtars no more appearing:
2. The candidate for quiet prays,
Sick of the bumpers, and huzza's,
Of bleſt electioneering.

3. Who thinks, that from the ſpeaker's chair
The ſerjeant's mace can keep off care,
Is wond'rouſly miſtaken:
4. Alas! he is not half ſo bleſt
As thoſe, wh' have liberty, and reſt,
And dine on beans and bacon.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calente
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?
Scandit æratas vitioſa naves
Cura: nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.
Latus in præſens animus, quod ultra eſt
Oderit curare, & amara lento
Temperet riſu. Nihil eſt ab omni
Parte beatum.

9. Abſtulit

5. Why ſhou'd we then to London run,
And quit our chearful country ſun
For bus'neſs, dirt, and ſmoke?
Can we, by changing place, and air,
Our ſelves get rid of, or our care;
In troth tis all a joke.

6. Care climbs proud ſhips of mightieſt force,
And mounts behind the general's horſe,
Outſtrips huſſars, and pandours;
Far ſwifter than the bounding hind,
Swifter than clouds before the wind,
Or —— before th' Highlanders.

7. A man, when once h' is ſafely choſe,
Shou'd laugh at all his threatning foes,
Nor think of future evil:
Each good has its attendant ill
8. A ſeat is no bad thing, but ſtill
Elections are the devil.

9. Abſtulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
10. Longa Tithonum minuit ſenectus ;
Et mihi forſan, tibi quod negârit,
Porriget hora.
11. Te greges centum, Siculæque circùm
Mugiunt vaccæ : tibi tollit hinnitum
12. Apta quadrigis equa : te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ
Veſtiunt lanæ : 13. mihi parva rura
14. Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ
Parca non mendax dedit, & malignum
Spernere vulgus.

9. Its gifts with hand impartial heav'n
Divides : to ORFORD it was giv'n
To dye in full-blown glory;
10. To B— indeed a longer date,
But then with unrelenting hate
Purſu'd by Whig and Tory.

11. The gods to you with bounteous hand
Have granted ſeats, and parks, and land ;
Brocades and ſilks you wear ;
With claret, and ragouts you treat,
12. Six neighing ſteeds with nimble feet
Whirl on your gilded car ;

13. To me they've giv'n a ſmall retreat,
Good port and mutton, beſt of meat,
With broad-cloth on my ſhoulders,
A ſoul that ſcorns a dirty job,
14. Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob,
I mean who an't freeholders.

HORACE,

HORATII

Lib. IV. Od. VIII.

1. DOnarem pateras grataque commodus,
Cenſorine, meis æra ſodalibus:
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Grajorum; 2. neque tu peſſima munerum
Ferres, me divite ſcilicit artium,
Quas aut Parrhaſius protulit aut ſcopas
3. Hic ſaxo, liquidis ille coloribus
Soler nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.

4. Sed

HORACE,

Book IV. Ode VIII. Imitated.

[To the Same.]

1. DID but kind fate to me impart
Wealth equal to my generous heart,
Some curious gift to ev'ry friend,
A token of my love, I'd ſend;
2. But ſtill the choiceſt and the beſt
Shou'd be conſign'd to friends at WREST.
An organ, which, if right I gueſs,
Wou'd beſt pleaſe lady MARCHIONESS,
Shoud firſt be ſent by my command,
Worthy of her inſpiring hand:
To lady BELL of niceſt mould
A coral ſet in burniſh'd gold:
To you, well knowing what you like,
3. Pourtraits by LELY or VANDYKE,
A curious bronze, or buſt antique.

4. But

HORATII

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4. Sed non hæc mihi vis, nec tibi talium
Res eſt, aut animus deliciarum egens
Gaudes carminibus, carmina poſſumus
Donare, 5. & pretium dicere muneri.
6. Non inciſa notis marmora publicis
Per quæ ſpiritus & vita redit bonis
Port mortem ducibus : non celeres fugæ
Rejectæque retrorſum Annibalis minæ
Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ
Ejus, qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ
Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
Laudes, quam Calabræ Pierides, neque
7. Si chartæ ſileant quod bene feceris
Mercedem tuleres. 8. Quid foret Iliæ
Mavortiſque puer ſi taciturnitas
Obſtaret meritis invida Romuli ?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum

Virtus

4. But ſince theſe gifts exceed my pow'r,
And you, who need not wiſh for more,
Already bleſt with all that's fine,
Are pleas'd with verſe, tho' ſuch as mine;
As poets us'd in ancient times,
I'll make my preſents all in rhymes;
5. And leſt you ſhou'd forget their worth,
Like them I'll ſet their value forth.
6. Not monumental braſs or ſtones,
The guardians of heroic bones,
Not victories won by MARLBRO's ſword,
Nor titles which theſe feats record,
Such glories o'er the dead diffuſe,
As can the labours of the muſe.
7. But if ſhe ſhou'd her aid deny,
With you your virtues all muſt dye,
Nor tongues unborn ſhall ever ſay
How wiſe, how good, was lady GREY.
8. What now had been th' ignoble doom
Of him, who built imperial ROME?
Or him deſerving ten times more,
Who fed the hungry, cloth'd the poor,

Clear'd

Virtus & favor & lingua potentium
Vatum divitibus conſecrat inſulis.

9. Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori,
Cœlo Muſa beat: 10. Sic Jovis intereſt
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules
Clarum Tyndaridæ ſidus ab infimis
Quaſſas eripiunt æquoribus rates.
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

Clear'd ſtreams, and bridges laid acroſs,
And built the little church of Ross?
Did not th' eternal pow'rs of verſe
From age to age their deeds rehearſe.

9. The muſe forbids the brave to dye,
Beſtowing immortality;

10. Still by her aid in bleſt abodes
ALCIDES feaſts among the Gods;
And royal ARTHUR ſtill is able
To fill his hoſpitable table
With Engliſh beef, and Engliſh knights,
And looks with pity down on WHITE's.

To the Hon. Miſs YORKE,

On her Marriage to Lord ANSON.

VIctorious Anson ſee returns
From the ſubjected main!
With joy each Britiſh boſom burns,
Fearleſs of France and Spain.

Honours his grateful Sovereign's hand,
Conqueſt his own beſtows,
Applauſe unfeign'd his native land,
Unenvy'd wealth her foes.

But ſtill, my ſon, Britannia crys,
Still more thy merits claim;
Thy deeds deſerve a richer prize,
Than titles, wealth, or fame:

Twice

Twice waſted ſafe from pole to pole,
Th' haſt ſail'd the globe around;
Contains it ought can charm thy ſoul?
Thy fondeſt wiſhes bound?

Is there a treaſure worth thy care
Within th' incircling line?
Say, and I'll weary heav'n with pray'r,
To make that treaſure thine.

Heav'n liſten'd to BRITANNIA's voice,
Agreed that more was due:
He choſe —— the gods approv'd his choice,
And pay'd him all in YOU.

CHLOE *to* STREPHON.

A SONG.

TOO plain, dear youth, theſe tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare,
But for heav'n's ſake let it ſuffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmoſt pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your ſway;
Preſs not for what I muſt deny,
For fear I ſhou'd obey.

Cou'd all your arts ſucceſsful prove,
Wou'd you a maid undo?
Whoſe greateſt failing is her love,
And that her love for you.

Say,

Say, wou'd you uſe that very pow'r
You from her fondneſs claim,
To ruin, in one fatal hour,
A life of ſpotleſs fame ?

Ah ! ceaſe, my dear, to do an ill,
Becauſe perhaps you may ;
But rather try your utmoſt ſkill
To ſave me, than betray.

Be you yourſelf my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not purſue ;
Since 'tis a taſk for me too hard,
To fight with love, and you.

A SONG.

To Miſs S—— S——.

CEASE, Sally, thy charms to expand,
All thy arts and thy witchcraft forbear,
Hide thoſe eyes, hide that neck and that hand,
And thoſe ſweet flowing treſſes of hair.

Oh! torture me not for heav'n's ſake,
With the ſmirk of thoſe delicate lips,
With that head's dear ſignificant ſhake,
And the toſs of the hoop and the hips.

Oh! ſight ſtill more fatal! look there
O'er her tucker what murderers peep!
So ——now there's an end of my care,
I ſhall never more eat, drink, or ſleep.

D'you

D'you ſing too? ah miſchievous thought!
Touch me, touch me not there any more;
Who the devil can 'ſcape being caught
In a trap that's thus baited all o'er?

But why to adviſe ſhou'd I try?
What nature ordains we muſt prove,
You no more can help charming, than I
Can help being charm'd, and in love.

A SONG.

WHEN firſt I ſought fair CÆLIA's love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I ſwore by all the gods above
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept, and ſigh'd in vain,
She ſtill proteſted, vow'd, and ſwore,
She ne'er wou'd eaſe my pain.

At laſt o'ercome ſhe made me bleſt,
And yielded all her charms,
And I forſook her, when poſſeſt,
And fled to others arms.

But let not this, dear CÆLIA, now
To rage thy breaſt incline,
For why, ſince you forgot your vow,
Shou'd I remember mine?

The CHOICE.

HAD I, PYGMALION like, the pow'r
To make the nymph I wou'd adore;
The model ſhou'd be thus deſign'd,
Like this her form, like this her mind.
Her ſkin ſhou'd be as lillies fair,
With roſy cheeks and jetty hair,
Her lips with pure vermilion ſpread,
And ſoft, and moiſt, as well as red;
Her eyes ſhou'd ſhine with vivid light
At once both languiſhing, and bright;
Her ſhape ſhou'd be exact and ſmall,
Her ſtature rather low than tall;
Her limbs well turn'd, her air and mien
At once both ſpritely and ſerene;
Beſides all this a nameleſs grace
Shou'd be diffus'd o'er all her face;

To make the lovely piece complete,
Not only beautiful, but ſweet.
This for her form ; now for her mind ;
I'd have it open, gen'rous, kind,
Void of all coquettiſh arts,
And vain deſigns of conquering hearts ;
Not ſway'd by any views of gain,
Nor fond of giving others pain ;
But ſoft, tho' bright, like her own eyes,
Diſcreetly witty, gayly wiſe.
I'd have her ſkill'd in ev'ry art
That can engage a wand'ring heart ;
Know all the ſciences of love,
Yet ever willing to improve ;
To preſs the hand, and roll the eye,
And drop ſometimes an amorous ſigh,
To lengthen out the balmy kiſs,
And heighten ev'ry tender bliſs ;
And yet I'd have the charmer be
By nature only taught,—or me.
I'd have her to ſtrict honour ty'd,
And yet without one ſpark of pride ;

In company well-dreſt, and fine,
Yet not ambitious to outſhine;
In private always neat and clean,
And quite a ſtranger to the ſpleen;
Well-pleas'd to grace the park, and play,
And dance ſometimes the night away,
But oft'ner fond to ſpend her hours
In ſolitude, and ſhady bow'rs,
And there beneath ſome ſilent grove,
Delight in poetry, and love.
Some ſparks of the poetick fire
I fain wou'd have her ſoul inſpire,
Enough, at leaſt, to let her know
What joys from love and virtue flow;
Enough, at leaſt, to make her wiſe,
And fops, and fopperies deſpiſe;
Prefer her books, and her own muſe
To viſits, ſcandal, chat, and news;
Above her ſex exalt her mind,
And make her more than woman-kind.

To a Young LADY, Going to the WEST-INDIES.

FOR univerſal ſway deſign'd
To diſtant realms CLORINDA flys,
And ſcorns, in one ſmall iſle confin'd,
To bound the conqueſts of her eyes.

From our cold climes to INDIA's ſhore
With cruel haſte ſhe wings her way,
To ſcorch their ſultry plains ſtill more,
And rob us of our only day.

Whilſt ev'ry ſtreaming eye o'erflows
With tender floods of parting tears,
Thy breaſt, dear cauſe of all our woes,
Alone unmov'd, and gay appears.

But ſtill, if right the muſes tell,
The fated point of time is nigh,
When grief ſhall that fair boſom ſwell,
And trickle from thy lovely eye. Tho'

'Tho' now, like PHILIP's ſon, whoſe arms
Did once the vaſſal world command,
You rove with unreſiſted charms,
And conquer both by ſea, and land;

Yet (when as ſoon they muſt) mankind
Shall all be doom'd to wear your chain,
You too, like him, will weep to find
No more unconquer'd worlds remain.

CHLOE

CHLOE Angling.

ON yon fair brook's enamell'd ſide
Behold my CHLOE ſtands!
Her angle trembles o'er the tide,
As conſcious of her hands.

Calm, as the gentle waves appear,
Her thoughts ſerenely flow,
Calm, as the ſoftly breathing air,
That curls the brook below.

Such charms her ſparkling eyes diſcloſe,
With ſuch ſoft pow'r endu'd,
She ſeems a new-born VENUS 'roſe
From the tranſparent flood.

From each green bank, and moſſy cave,
The ſcaly race repair,
They ſport beneath the cryſtal wave,
And kiſs her image there.

Here

Here the bright ſilver eel enroll'd
In ſhining volumes lies,
There baſks the carp bedroopt with gold
In the ſunſhine of her eyes.

With hungry pikes in wanton play
The tim'rous trouts appear,
The hungry pikes forget to prey,
The tim'rous trouts to fear.

With equal haſte the thoughtleſs crew
To the fair tempter fly,
Nor grieve they, whilſt her eyes they view,
That by her hand they die.

Thus I too view'd the nymph of late,
Ah ſimple fiſh beware!
Soon will you find my wretched fate,
And ſtruggle in the ſnare.

But,

But, fair-one, tho' theſe toils ſucceed,
Of conqueſt be not vain,
Nor think o'er all the ſcaly breed
Unpuniſh'd thus to reign;

Remember in a wat'ry glaſs
His charms NARCISSUS ſpy'd,
When for his own bewitching face
The youth deſpair'd, and dy'd.

No more then harmleſs fiſh inſnare,
No more ſuch wiles purſue;
Leſt, whilſt you baits for them prepare,
LOVE finds out one for you.

CHLOE

CHLOE Hunting.

WHILST thouſands court fair CHLOE's love,
She fears the dang'rous joy,
But, CYNTHIA like, frequents the grove,
As lovely, and as coy.

With the ſame ſpeed ſhe ſeeks the hind,
Or hunts the flying hare,
She leaves purſuing ſwains behind,
To languiſh and deſpair.

Oh ſtrange caprice in thy dear breaſt!
Whence firſt this whim began;
To follow thus each worthleſs beaſt,
And ſhun their ſovereign man!

Conſider, fair, what 'tis you do,
How thus they both muſt die,
Not ſurer they, when you purſue,
Than we, whene'er you fly.

On LUCINDA's Recovery from the SMALL-POX.

BRIGHT VENUS long with envious eyes
The fair LUCINDA's charms had ſeen,
And ſhall ſhe ſtill, the goddeſs crys,
Thus dare to rival beauty's queen?

She ſpoke, and to th' infernal plains
With cruel haſte indignant goes,
Where Death the prince of terrors reigns
Amidſt diſeaſes, pains, and woes.

To him her pray'rs ſhe thus applies;
O ſole in whom my hopes conſide!
To blaſt my rival's potent eyes,
And in her fate, all mortal pride:

Let

Let her but feel thy chilling dart,
I will forgive, tremendous god, . . .
Ev'n that, with pierc'd ADONIS' heart:
He hears, and gives th' aſſenting nod.

Then calling forth a fierce DISEASE
Impatient for the beauteous prey,
Bids him the lovelieſt fabrick ſeize
The gods e'er form'd of human clay.

Aſſur'd he meant LUCINDA's charms,
To her th' infectious *dæmon* flys,
Her neck, her cheeks, her lips diſarms,
And of their lightning robs her eyes.

The Cyprian queen with cruel joy
Beholds her rival's charms o'erthrown,
Nor doubts, like mortal fair, t' employ
Their ruins to augment her own.

From out the ſpoils of ev'ry grace
The goddeſs picks ſome glorious prize,
Tranſplants the roſes from her face,
And arms young CUPIDS from her eyes.

Now DEATH (ah veil the mournful ſcene!)
Had in one moment pierc'd her heart,
Had kinder FATE not ſtept between,
And turn'd aſide th' uplifted dart.

What frenzy bids thy hand eſſay,
He crys, to wound thy ſureſt friend,
Whoſe beauties to thy realms each day
Such num'rous crowds of victims ſends?

Are not her eyes, where-e'er they aim,
As thine own ſilent arrows ſure?
Or who, that once has felt their flame,
Dar'd e'er indulge one hope of cure?

DEATH thus reprov'd his hand reſtrains,
And bids the dire diſtemper fly;
The cruel beauty lives, and reigns,
That thouſands may adore, and dye.

Written in Mr. LOCK's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding.

LONG had the mind of man with curious art
Search'd nature's wond'rous plan thro' ev'ry part,
Meaſur'd each tract of ocean, earth, and ſky,
And number'd all the rolling orbs on high;
Yet ſtill, ſo learn'd, herſelf ſhe little knew,
'Till Lock's unerring pen the pourtrait drew.
So beauteous Eve awhile in Eden ſtray'd,
And all her great Creator's works ſurvey'd;
By ſun, and moon, ſhe knew to mark the hour,
She knew the genius of each plant, and flow'r;
She knew, when ſporting on the verdant lawn,
The tender lambkin, and the nimble fawn:
But ſtill a ſtranger to her own bright face,
She gueſs'd not at its form, nor what ſhe was;
'Till led at length to ſome clear fountain's ſide,
She view'd her beauties in the cryſtal tide;
The ſhining mirrour all her charms diſplays,
And her eyes catch their own rebounded rays,

The TEMPLE of VENUS.

IN her own iſle's remoteſt grove
Stands VENUS' lovely ſhrine,
Sacred to beauty, joy, and love,
And built by hands divine.

The poliſh'd ſtructure fair and bright
As her own ivory ſkin,
Without is alabaſter white,
And ruby all within.

Above a cupola charms the view
White as unſully'd ſnow;
Two columns of the ſame fair hue
Support the dome below.

Its walls a trickling fountain laves
In which ſuch virtue reigns,
That bath'd in its balſamick waves
No lover feels his pains.

Before th' unfolding gates there ſpreads
A fragrant ſpicy grove,
That with its curling branches ſhades
The labyrinths of love.

Bright beauty there her captives holds,
Who kiſs their eaſy chains,
And in the ſofteſt, cloſeſt folds,
Her willing ſlaves detains.

Would'ſt thou, who ne'er theſe ſeas haſt try'd,
Find where this iſland lies,
Let pilot Love the rudder guide,
And ſteer by Chloe's eyes.

A RIDDLE.

I A M no king, and yet no king like me
Makes looſe the bound, and ſets the captive free:
I am no miniſter, yet needs muſt ſay,
I do almoſt as dirty work as they:
I am no lawyer, yet when I thrive beſt,
Then Magna Charta is in moſt requeſt:
I'm no phyſician, yet the faculty
Is much indebted for ſucceſs to me:
I am no merchant, yet what goods I vent,
My quick returns are profit cent per cent.
I am no poet, yet my labours ſtain
As many quires, as a poetick brain:
I'm no muſician, yet moſt criticks cry,
My very name betokens harmony:
I am no ſoldier, yet of warlike hue,
For I reſemble drum and trumpet too:

I'm no great hero, yet I never fail
To make the ſtouteſt of them all turn tail:
Nor coward am I, yet in me you find
One mark of fear, I always come behind.

Written

Written in a LADY's Volume of TRAGEDIES.

SINCE thou, relentleſs maid, can'ſt daily hear
Thy ſlave's complaints without one ſigh or tear,
Why beats thy breaſt, or thy bright eyes o'erflow
At theſe imaginary ſcenes of woe?
Rather teach theſe to weep, and that to heave,
At real pains themſelves to thouſands give;
And if ſuch pity to feign'd love is due,
Conſider how much more you owe to true.

CUPID

CUPID Reliev'd.

AS once young CUPID went aſtray
The little god I found,
I took his bow and ſhafts away,
And faſt his pinions bound.

At CHLOE's feet my ſpoils I caſt,
My conqueſt proud to ſhew;
She ſaw his godſhip fetter'd faſt,
And ſmil'd to ſee him ſo.

But, ah! that ſmile ſuch freſh ſupplys
Of arms reſiſtleſs gave!
I'm forc'd again to yield my prize,
And fall again his ſlave.

On ſeeing Miſs G——NG with a Noſegay in her Breaſt.

DElightful ſcene, in which appear
At once all beauties of the year!
See how the zephyrs of her breath
Fan gently all the flow'rs beneath!
See the gay flow'rs how bright they glow,
Tho' planted in a bed of ſnow!
Yet ſee how ſoon they fade, and dye,
Scorch'd by the ſunſhine of her eye!
No wonder if o'ercome with bliſs
They droop their heads, to ſteal a kiſs.
Who wou'd not dye on that dear breaſt?
Who wou'd not dye, to be ſo bleſt?

The WAY to be WISE.

Imitated from LA FONTAINE.

POOR JENNY am'rous, young, and gay,
Having by man been led aſtray,
To nunn'ry dark retir'd;
There liv'd, and look'd ſo like a maid,
So ſeldom eat, ſo often pray'd,
She was by all admir'd.

The lady ABBESS oft wou'd cry,
If any ſiſter trod awry,
Or prov'd an idle flattern;
See wiſe, and pious Mrs. JANE,
A life ſo ſtrict, ſo grave a mein,
Is ſure a worthy pattern.

A pert young ſlut at length replies,
Experience, madam, makes folks wiſe,
'Tis that has made her ſuch;
And we, poor ſouls, no doubt ſhou'd be
As pious, and as wiſe, as ſhe,
If we had ſeen as much.

The

The Snow-ball, from Petronius Afranius.

WHite as her hand fair JULIA threw
A ball of ſilver ſnow,
The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,
My boſom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love! whoſe great command
Can thus a ſnow-ball arm;
When ſent, fair JULIA, from thine hand,
Ev'n ice itſelf can warm.

How ſhou'd we then ſecure our hearts?
Love's pow'r we all muſt feel,
Who thus can, by ſtrange magick arts,
In ice his flames conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair JULIA, know,
Canſt quench my fierce deſire,
But not with water, ice, nor ſnow,
But with an equal fire.

ANA-

ANACREON, Ode XX.

A Rock on Phrygian plains we ſee
That once was beauteous NIOBE:
And PROGNE, too revengeful fair!
Now flits a wand'ring bird in air:
Thus I a looking-glaſs wou'd be,
That you, dear maid, might gaze on me;
Be chang'd to ſtays, that ſtraitly lac'd,
I might embrace thy ſlender waiſt;
A ſilver ſtream I'd bath thee, fair,
Or ſhine pomatum on thy hair;
In a ſoft ſable tippet's form
I'd kiſs thy ſnowy bubbies warm;
In ſhape of pearl thy boſom deck,
And hang for ever round thy neck:
Pleas'd to be ought, that touches you,
Your glove, your garter, or your ſhoe.

A Tranſlation of ſome LATIN VERSES on the CAMERA OBSCURA.

THE various pow'rs of blended ſhade, and light,
The ſkilful ZEUXIS of the duſky night;
The lovely forms, that paint the ſnowy plain
Free from the pencil's violating ſtain,
In tuneful lines, harmonious PHOEBUS, ſing,
At once of light, and verſe celeſtial king.
Divine APOLLO! let thy ſacred fire
Thy youthful bard's unſkilful breaſt inſpire,
Like the fair empty ſheet he hangs to view,
Void, and unfurniſh'd, 'till inſpir'd by you:
O let one beam, one kind inlight'ning ray
At once upon his mind, and paper play!
Hence num'rous forms the ſilver field ſhall ſtrew,
Hence ſhall his breaſt with bright ideas glow.
But now the muſe's uſeful precepts view,
And with juſt care the pleaſing work purſue.
Firſt chuſe a window that convenient lyes,
And to the north directs the wand'ring eyes,

Dark

Dark be the room, nor let a ſtraggling ray
Intrude, to chaſe the ſhadowy forms away,
Except one bright, refulgent blaze convey'd,
Thro' a ſtrait paſſage, in the ſhutter made,
In which th' ingenious artiſt firſt muſt place
A little, convex, round, tranſparent glaſs,
And juſt behind th' extended paper lay,
On which his art ſhall all its pow'r diſplay:
There rays reflected from all parts ſhall meet,
And paint their objects on the ſilver ſheet;
A thouſand forms ſhall in a moment riſe,
And magick landſkips charm our wand'ring eyes:
'Tis thus from ev'ry object that we view,
If EPICURUS' doctrine teaches true,
The ſubtile parts upon our organs play,
And to our minds th' external forms convey.

But from what cauſes all theſe wonders flow,
'Tis not permitted idle bards to know,
How thro' the center of the convex glaſs,
The piercing rays together twiſted paſs,
Or why revers'd the lovely ſcenes appear,
Or why the ſun's approaching light they fear,

Let grave philoſophers the cauſe enquire,
Enough for us to ſee, and to admire.
See then what forms with various colours ſtain
The painted ſurface of the paper plain!
Now bright, and gay, as ſhines the heav'nly bow,
So late a wide, unpeopled waſte of ſnow:
Here verdant groves, there golden crops of corn
The new uncultivated fields adorn;
Here gardens deckt with flow'rs of various dyes,
There ſlender tow'rs, and little cities riſe:
But all with tops inverted downward bend,
Earth mounts aloft, and ſkys and clouds deſcend:
Thus the wiſe vulgar on a pendent land
Imagine our antipodes to ſtand,
And wonder much, how they ſecurely go,
And not full headlong on the heav'ns below.
The charms of motion here exalt each part
Above the reach of great APELLES' art;
Zephyrs the waving harveſt gently blow,
The waters curl, and brooks inceſſant flow;
Men, beaſts, and birds in fair confuſion ſtray,
Some riſe to fight, whilſt others paſs away.

On

On all we ſeize that comes within our reach,
The rolling coach we ſtop, the horſe-man catch;
Compel the poſting traveller to ſtay;
But the ſhort viſit cauſes no delay.
Again behold what lovely proſpects riſe!
Now with the loveliеſt feaſt your longing eyes.
Nor let ſtrict modeſty be here afraid
To view upon her head a beauteous maid:
See in ſmall folds her waving garments flow,
And all her ſlender limbs ſtill ſlend'rer grow;
Contracted in one little orb is found
The ſpacious hoop, once five vaſt ells around;
But think not to embrace the flying fair,
Soon will ſhe quit your arms unſeen as air,
In this reſembling too a tender maid,
Coy to the lover's touch, and of his hand afraid.
Enough w' have ſeen, now let th' intruding day
Chaſe all the lovely magic ſcenes away;
Again th' unpeopled ſnowy waſte returns,
And the lone plain its faded glorys mourns,
The bright creation in a moment flys,
And all the pigmy generation dies.

Thus, when ſtill night her gloomy mantle ſpreads,
The fairys dance around the flow'ry meads;
But when the day returns, they wing their flight
To diſtant lands, and ſhun th' unwelcome light.

BELPHEGOR,

A FABLE.

From *MACHIAVEL.*

——— *Fugit indignata ſub Umbras.* VIRG.

BELPHEGOR, a FABLE.

TH' infernal monarch once, as ſtories tell,
Review'd his ſubjects from all parts of hell;
Around his throne unnumber'd millions wait,
He ſcarce believ'd his empire was ſo great;
Still as each paſs'd, he aſk'd with friendly care
What crime had caus'd their fall, and brought them there:
Scarce one he queſtion'd, but reply'd the ſame,
And on the marriage nooſe lay'd all the blame;
Thence ev'ry fatal error of their lives
They all deduce, and all accuſe their wives.
Then to his peers, and potentates around,
Thus SATAN ſpoke; hell trembled with the ſound.
My friends, what vaſt advantages wou'd flow
To theſe our realms? cou'd we but fully know
The form and nature of theſe marriage chains,
That ſend ſuch crowds to our infernal plains;

Let ſome bold patriot then, who dares to ſhow
His gen'rous love to this our ſtate below,
For his dear country's good the taſk eſſay,
And animate awhile ſome human clay;
Ten years in marriage bonds he ſhall remain,
Enjoy its pleaſures, and endure its pain,
Then to his friends return'd, with truth relate
The nature of the matrimonial ſtate.

He ſpoke; the liſt'ning crowds his ſcheme approv'd:
But who ſo much his prince, or country lov'd,
As thus, with fearleſs heart, to undertake
This hymeneal tryal, for their ſake?

At length with one conſent they all propoſe,
That fortune ſhall by lot the taſk impoſe;
The dreaded chance on bold BELPHEGOR fell,
Sighing h' obey'd, and took his leave of hell.

Firſt in fair FLORENCE he was pleas'd to fix,
Bought a large houſe, fine plate, a coach and ſix;
Dreſs'd rich and gay, play'd high, drank hard, and whor'd,
And liv'd in ſhort in all things like a lord:
His feaſts were plenteous, and his wines were ſtrong,
So poets, parſons, pimps his table throng.

Bring

Bring dedications, ſermons, whores, and plays,
The dev'l was ne'er ſo flatter'd in his days:
The ladys too were kind, each tender dame
Sigh'd, when ſhe mention'd RODERIGO's name;
For ſo he's call'd: rich, young, and debonnair,
He reigns ſole monarch of the longing fair;
No daughter, ſure, of EVE cou'd e'er eſcape
The dev'l, when cloath'd in ſuch a tempting ſhape.
One nymph at length, ſuperior to the reſt,
Gay, beautiful, and young, inſpir'd his breaſt;
Soft looks and ſighs his paſſion ſoon betray'd,
Awhile he woos, then weds the lovely maid.
I ſhall not now, to grace my tale, relate
What feaſts, what balls, what dreſſes, pomp and ſtate,
Adorn'd their nuptial day, leſt it ſhou'd ſeem
As tedious to the reader, as to him,
Who big with expectation of delight,
Impatient waited for the happy night;
The happy night is come, his longing arms
Preſs cloſe the yielding maid in all her charms,
The yielding maid, who now no longer coy
With equal ardour loves, and gives a looſe to joy:

Diſſolv'd

Diſſolv'd in bliſs more exquiſite than all
He e'er had felt in heav'n, before his fall,
With rapture clinging to his lovely bride,
In murmurs to himſelf BELPHEGOR cry'd,
Are theſe the marriage chains? are theſe my fears?
Oh had my ten, but been ten thouſand years!
But ah theſe happy moments laſt not long!
For in one month his wife has found her tongue;
All thoughts of love and tenderneſs are loſt,
Their only aim is, who ſhall ſquander moſt;
She dreams of nothing now but being fine,
Whilſt he is ever guzzling naſty wine;
She longs for jewels, equipage, and plate,
And he, ſad man! ſtays out ſo very late!
Hence ev'ry day domeſtick wars are bred,
A truce is hardly kept, while they're abed;
They wrangle all day long, and then at night,
Like wooing cats, at once they love and fight.
His riches too are with his quiet flown,
And they once ſpent, all friends on courſe are gone;
The ſum deſign'd his whole ten years to laſt,
Is all conſum'd before the firſt is paſt:

Where

Where ſhall he hide? ah whither muſt he fly?
Legions of duns abroad in ambuſh lie,
For fear of them, no more he dares to roam,
And the worſt dun of all, his wife's at home.
Quite tir'd at length, with ſuch a wretched life,
He flies one night at once from debts, and wife;
But ere the morning dawn his flight is known,
And crowds purſue him cloſe from town to town;
He quits the publick road, and wand'ring ſtrays
Thro' unfrequented woods, and pathleſs ways;
At laſt with joy a little farm he ſees,
Where liv'd a good old man, in health, and eaſe;
MATTHEW his name: to him BELPHEGOR goes,
And begs protection from purſuing foes,
With tears relates his melancholy caſe,
Tells him from whence he came, and who he was,
And vows to pay for his reception well,
When next he ſhou'd receive his rents from hell:
The farmer hears his tale with pitying ear,
And bids him live in peace, and ſafety there;
Awhile he did; no duns, no noiſe, or ſtrife,
Diſturb'd him there;—for MATT had ne'er a wife.

But

But ere few weeks in this retreat are paſt
Matt too himſelf becomes a dun at laſt;
Demands his promis'd pay with heat and rage,
Till thus Belphegor's words his wrath aſſwage.
My friend, we dev'ls, like Engliſh peers, he cry'd,
Tho' free from law, are yet by honour ty'd;
Tho' tradeſmen's cheating bills I ſcorn to view,
I pay all debts that are by honour due;
And therefore have contriv'd long ſince a way,
Beyond all hopes thy kindneſs to repay;
We ſubtile ſpirits can, you know, with eaſe
Poſſeſs whatever human breaſts we pleaſe,
With ſudden frenzy can o'ercaſt the mind,
Let paſſions looſe, and captive reaſon bind:
Thus I three mortal boſoms will infeſt,
And force them to apply to you for reſt;
Vaſt ſums for cure they willingly ſhall pay,
Thrice, and but thrice, your pow'r I will obey.
He ſpoke, then fled unſeen, like ruſhing wind,
And breathleſs left his mortal frame behind:
The corps is quickly known, and news is ſpread
That Roderigo's in the deſert dead;

His

His wife in fashionable grief appears,
Sighs for one day, then mourns two tedious years.

A beauteous maid, who then in FLORENCE dwelt,
In a short time unusual symptoms felt;
Physicians came, prescrib'd, then took their fees,
But none could find the cause of her disease;
Her parents thought 'twas love disturb'd her rest,
But all the learn'd agreed she was possest;
In vain the doctors all their art apply'd,
In vain the priests their holy trump'ry try'd;
No pray'rs nor med'cines cou'd the dæmon tame,
Till MATTHEW heard the news, and hast'ning came:
He asks five hundred pounds; the money's pay'd;
He forms the magick spell, then cures the maid:
Hence chas'd, the dev'l to two rich houses flies,
And makes their heirs successively his prize,
Who both by MATTHEW's skill reliev'd from pains,
Reward his wond'rous art with wond'rous gains.

And now BELPHEGOR, having thrice obey'd,
With reason thinks his host is fully pay'd;
Next free to range, to GALLIA's king he flies,
As dev'ls ambitious ever love to rise;

Black hideous ſcenes diſtract his royal mind,
From all he ſeeks relief, but none can find,
And vows vaſt treaſures ſhall his art repay,
Who-e'er can chaſe the ſtrange diſeaſe away:
At length, inſtructed by the voice of fame,
To MATTHEW ſends; poor MATT reluctant came;
He knew his pow'r expir'd, refus'd to try,
But all excuſes fail'd, he muſt, or die;
At laſt deſpairing he the taſk eſſay'd,
Approach'd the monarch's ear, and whiſp'ring ſaid.

Since force, not choice, has brought thy ſervant here,
Once more, BELPHEGOR, my petition hear,
This once at my requeſt, thy poſt reſign,
And ſave my life, as once I reſcu'd thine.

Cruel BELPHEGOR, deaf to his requeſt,
Diſdain'd his pray'rs, and made his woes a jeſt;
With tears and ſighs he beg'd, and beg'd again,
Still the ungrateful fiend but mock'd his pain;
Then turning round he told th' expecting court,
This dev'l was of a moſt malignant ſort;
And that he could but make one tryal more,
And if that fail'd, he then muſt give him o'er:

Then

Then placing num'rous drums, and trumpets round,
Inſtructed when he mov'd his hand to ſound,
He whiſper'd in his patient's ear again,
Belphegor anſwer'd, all his arts were vain:
He gives the ſign, they ſound; th' outrageous din
Startles the king, and frights the dev'l within;
He aſks what 'tis, and vows that in his life
He ne'er had heard the like—except his wife;
By heav'n's, 'tis ſhe, Matt cry's, you'd beſt be gone,
She comes once more to ſeize you for her own;
Belphegor frighted, not one word replies,
But to th' infernal ſhades for refuge flies;
There paints a dreadful ſketch of marry'd lives,
And feelingly confirms the charge on wives:
Matthew o'erpay'd with honours, fame, and fees,
Returns to bleſt obſcurity, and eaſe,
With joy triumphant Io Pæan ſings;
And vows to deal no more with dev'ls, or kings.

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